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THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW

JANUARY, 1922

WESLEY AND PRESENT-DAY PREACHING

THE memory of John Wesley needs no monuments or memorials. It abides, secure above the slow devouring waves of oblivion, beyond the 'unimaginable touch of Time.' Wesley built his own monument, *ære perennius*; and he himself would assuredly have added, 'Yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me.' The Ecumenical Conference which was held in London last September—with its hundreds of delegates representing some thirty million adherents and probably the largest Protestant Church in the world—testified to the still widening and deepening influence in every part of the globe of a man who had the audacity to claim a world as his parish. But memorials in the narrower sense of the word there ought to be of such a man as Wesley, for the benefit and instruction of successive generations. Some do indeed exist, but they are fewer in number and slighter in character than might have been expected. They are, as they ought to be, simple, not grandiose. Wesley's chapel, house, and tomb in City Road have been for many years visited by pious pilgrims, largely from overseas, sometimes not a little wondering that such shrines were not better known and more worthily

Wesley's Standard Sermons, to which are added Nine Additional Sermons. Edited and annotated by E. H. Sugden, M.A., B.Sc., Litt.D. Two volumes. (Epworth Press, 1921-2.)

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maintained. The tablet in Westminster Abbey is a reminder that the brothers John and Charles Wesley were together in their lives, and in their death should not be divided. The Wesley Centenary Services of 1891 will not be forgotten by those who joined in them; what the celebration of a Wesley bicentenary—not to say sexcentenary—will be like, who can say? In the department of literature a deserved reproach for neglect has been removed by the long and devoted labours of the late Rev. N. Curnock on John Wesley's *Journal*. Methodists in all parts of the world have rejoiced in the publication of the Standard Edition of this English classic, with Mr. Curnock's valuable Introductions and notes, in eight handsome volumes, only recently brought to completion by the City Road Publishing House.

We now heartily welcome a similar edition of the Sermons, long overdue. This Standard Edition, uniform with the *Journal*, has been carefully prepared by Rev. E. H. Sugden, Litt.D., Master of Queen's College in the University of Melbourne. Dr. Sugden—son of Rev. James Sugden, an honoured minister and warm-hearted evangelist in this country—having himself spent the early years of his ministry here, has now been for a generation past a prominent figure in the educational work and Church life of Australasia. He thus appropriately links together widely separated fields of Methodism in the tribute he now pays to an apostle of the Evangelical Revival in the eighteenth century. It is a marvel that the work he has done had never been undertaken before, but it is matter of congratulation that such an important piece of work as the preparation of an annotated edition of Wesley's Standard Sermons should have fallen at last into such competent hands. It is the object of the present article to describe the service thus rendered by Dr. Sugden and to take part in the carrying out of his own design by briefly showing the value of a thorough study of Wesley's Sermons for the life and ministry of to-day.

Dr. Sugden first justifies his title-page, which runs thus — 'Wesley's Standard Sermons, consisting of forty-four Discourses, published in four volumes, in 1746, &c. (Fourth edition, 1787), to which are added nine Additional Sermons, published in Vols. I.-IV. of Wesley's Collected Works, 1771.' This may sound mysterious to the uninitiated, but it points to the fact that for nearly a century past the number of Sermons which (together with the *Notes on the New Testament*) have been legally defined in the Model Deed as standards, to which every Wesleyan minister is required to conform, has been popularly understood as fifty-three. The Rev. Richard Green, however, in 1894 contended that through a misunderstanding the phrase 'first four volumes of Sermons, commonly reputed to be written and published' by John Wesley, had been taken to refer to the *Works* (1771) and not to the *Sermons* (1746, &c., fourth edition, 1787), so that the actual number of 'standard' Sermons was forty-four, not fifty-three. A 'case' was accordingly prepared by the Methodist Committee on Law and submitted to counsel, Mr. Owen Thompson. The case and counsel's opinion upon it are printed at length by Dr. Sugden in Vol. II., pp. 331-340. The legal position is therefore now settled, and the Conference of 1914 placed it on record that 'the first four volumes of John Wesley's Sermons' is to be interpreted in accordance with the opinion of counsel above referred to. The details of the temporary misunderstanding possess little interest for the general public, but it is well that the facts should be made accessible and the history clearly presented, as is now well and definitely done by Dr. Sugden in his Introduction and Appendix.

The importance of the next question is moral rather than legal and technical. What is the exact relation of these 'Standards' to the ministry and the membership of the Wesleyan Methodist Church? This cardinal topic has been recently handled by Dr. Maldwyn Hughes in the pages of this REVIEW, and his article has been reprinted in

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pamphlet form. Dr. Sugden deals with it in a careful and illuminating section of his Introduction, and the subject is one on which very probably we have not yet heard the last word. It is important to distinguish between three questions: (1) What doctrine may, and what may not, be preached by a minister in a pulpit, and on trust property, protected by the Model Deed? The answer roughly is, that it must 'not be contrary' to the Standards, and the Trustees are the persons responsible for maintaining the law. (2) What is a minister expected to believe and profess in answer to the question, 'Does he believe and preach *our doctrines*'? The phrase italicized has a special meaning, and each minister answers according to his conscience, being responsible to Conference for his utterances. (3) What action is Conference to take in case of unsatisfactory answers to the above questions? To which the reply is given, that there is no Church law to regulate such action; each case must be taken on its own merits, provided that the legal requirement of the Model Deed has not been violated. Questions of great practical importance arise; e.g. as to the meaning of 'our doctrines,' of the phrase 'general system of doctrine,' and as to what is implied in an utterance being 'contrary to the standards.' The Pastoral Session of the Conference of 1918-9 had occasion to deal with some of these topics, and its Resolutions on Unity of Doctrine are found in the *Minutes* for 1920. Our object in referring to the matter is to draw attention to the important contribution to the subject made by Dr. Sugden, which appropriately finds a place in this edition of Standard Sermons, though itself possessing no official authority.

The objects aimed at in the preparation of the Introductions and Notes contained in these volumes are stated in the Preface to be these: (1) Some account of the first preaching and other deliveries of each sermon; (2) 'An attempt to show the relation of Wesley's teaching to more modern developments of theology'; (3) 'Corrections of

his exegesis, where the progress of Biblical study has made them necessary'; (4) Identification of the frequent quotations made; (5) Interpretation of obsolete words and usages; (6) Indication of 'the development in Wesley's own views, shown by differences between the earlier and later sermons.' These aims are both important and comprehensive, and they have in the main been admirably carried out. The most difficult, and the only ones likely to raise any question, are (2) and (3). To make the slightest objection to Wesley's doctrine or exegesis may be considered an unwarrantable 'laying of violent hands on father Parmenides,' and may give offence to followers of Wesley who are more royalist than the king. For our own part, we think that Dr. Sugden has rendered great service by his attempts in this direction, it being always understood, as he says, that no one but himself is responsible for his exact way of handling points of difficulty. Dr. Sugden always makes his readers think—a great achievement—and it appears to us that the value of his edition is greatly enhanced by this portion of the work, and that it will be valued not least by many who cannot altogether accept his conclusions.

To give, however, a taste of his quality, we can hardly do better than begin with that fine passage in Wesley's Preface in which he lays open 'what have been the inmost thoughts of my heart. I have thought, I am a creature of a day,' &c. The noble eloquence of the passage needs no eulogy. Dr. Sugden recalls as a parallel the speech of Edwin's chief, recorded by Bede, in which the life of man is compared to the flight of a sparrow across a lighted room, from the dark into the dark, out of one winter into another. But the sense in which Wesley claimed to be *homo unius libri*—a man of one book—is often misunderstood. He speaks here, as he says, 'in the general,' for a wider and more omnivorous reader than Wesley is not often to be found. Dr. Sugden aptly quotes the passage in the *Journal* in which he describes how 'In 1730 I began to be *homo*

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unius libri, to study (comparatively) no book but the Bible,' and points out that in that very paragraph Wesley mentions his indebtedness to Taylor and Law. Also, in the *Large Minutes*, he bids his preachers to read regularly and constantly the most useful books, and he rebukes the 'rank enthusiasm' of a certain George Bell, who literally read no book but the Bible and ended by reading neither the Bible nor anything else. To one of his coadjutors who pleaded, 'I have no taste for reading,' Wesley replies with characteristic peremptoriness, 'Contract a taste for it by use, or return to your trade.' Amongst other apposite comments Dr. Sugden says of the Latin phrase, 'It goes back to the saying of St. Thomas Aquinas, *Cavete hominem unius libri*; which is quoted by Jeremy Taylor, where Wesley probably found it.' We have been compelled to condense Dr. Sugden's notes, but enough has been said to show how much real help is given to the student, even in a paragraph or two on a well-known passage, which might seem to need no commentary.

Another topic on which much might be said is the account given of the circumstances under which each sermon was first (and subsequently) preached. If Dr. Sugden's researches had begun and ended with this item, his book would have been well worth producing. It is an immense gain for all readers, especially the younger portion, to have a sermon transformed from a few pages of cold print into the concrete, fascinating reality called up by extracts from the *Journal* and other graphic pictures of Wesley, the living preacher. Five of these sermons were preached before the University of Oxford, and what that implied is excellently told by Dr. Sugden (i. 35). 'The Church of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the High Street of Oxford has reverberated to many epoch-making utterances'—mention is made of Cranmer, Newman, Pusey, and others—'but never have its ancient walls re-echoed words of more far-reaching importance in the history of religion than when on this

day John Wesley blew the first trumpet-call of the Evangelical Revival.' And the opening note was 'Salvation by Faith.' Sermon iii. is by Charles Wesley. How many readers have failed to notice the fact! Dr. Sugden's carefully collected notes and references will help many to realize more fully the place of Charles by his brother's side and the less-known brother in his own place and person. The last sermon preached by J. W. before the University was epoch-making; it is numbered iv. and well known as that on 'Scriptural Christianity.' Dr. Sugden's description of the scene is striking, and he quotes from the *Journal* of August, 1744, also from C. W.'s *Journal*, adding one account by Benjamin Kennicott, and another from a youth of twenty afterwards known as Judge Blackstone, one of the foremost luminaries of English law. For this sermon Wesley was called to account by the Vice-Chancellor, but his fearless denunciation of the evils and abuses of University life of the time has long been acknowledged to have been more than justified. Dr. Sugden describes the sermon as 'an example of the finest oratory,' and he has provided an excellent and very instructive setting for the picture. Similar historical notices are to be found in the Introductions to the 'Sermon on the Mount' series (i. 318), to that on 'Wandering Thoughts' (ii. 178), as well as to Sermon xlviii. on 'The Great Assize,' and Sermons lii. on 'The Reformation of Manners,' and liii. on 'The Death of Whitefield.' To some of these we had intended to draw attention, but must forbear.

Wesley does not interlard his sermons with quotations, but he uses them more freely than might be supposed, and whether they are from ancient classics or his brother Charles's hymns, Dr. Sugden has done excellent service in tracking them out and commenting upon them. An example is found in the quotation from Horace (i. 58); Wesley does not mention his name, but calls him 'a heathen Epicurean poet.' Dr. Sugden specifies the lines from

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Hor. Ep. i. xvi. 52 and shows where Wesley departs from the original. He also discusses the meaning of 'heathen' and 'Epicurean,' and makes the classical quotation much more interesting than it would otherwise have been to the average reader. Other examples are found in Sermon xvi., where Wesley quotes two couplets without mentioning the authors, and Dr. Sugden makes both more interesting by tracing the first to Dr. Donne's Hymn to God the Father and the second to a comparatively unknown hymn of C. Wesley's. Another kind of illustration occurs in Sermon xxi. (i. 485) in connexion with the names of God. Wesley quotes in the Greek Rev. i. 4, 8, and refers to 'the great and incommunicable name Jehovah.' Our editor uses the opportunity to give a note concerning the meaning of *Jahweh*, which will be of advantage to many. We notice with interest that three or four times in the course of his annotations Dr. Sugden contends for the preservation of the name 'Jehovah,' incorrect though it be etymologically. 'As it has established itself firmly in our literature, it is a piece of pedantry to attempt to change it.' We must not pursue the subject of quotations, but the notes which refer to them are often of great interest.

One of the most important features in Dr. Sugden's various annotations is his treatment of exegetical and doctrinal questions. We are in full sympathy with his method of handling these, and his occasional criticisms will not lower Wesley's authority, while they will help readers to think out his exact meaning. Perhaps the self-confidence of the 'modern,' looking down on the obsolete ideas of the 'ancient,' is sometimes too marked. Dr. Sugden speaks of the 'obvious deficiencies' of Wesley's exegesis of the Sermon on the Mount, but the whole standpoint of the modern preacher who devotes a goodly portion of his sermon to a critical inquiry into the relation between the versions of it in the first and third Gospels—with perhaps a passing discussion of the Synoptic problem generally—

is quite different from that of Wesley. The new may be better than the old; for some purposes it unquestionably is so, for others, not. Dr. Sugden's comments on the title of the sermon 'The Almost Christian' and the correct translation of the text Acts xxvi. 28 are suggestive; one would like, however, to have heard Wesley's remarks if he had been able to read the criticism of nearly two centuries later!

Dr. Sugden is a theologian as well as a scholar, and he is staunchly loyal to what Methodists have been accustomed to call 'our doctrines'—that is, the special portions of evangelical truth which the apostles of the Revival found it necessary to emphasize, and which their successors consider to be a sacred trust which they are bound to maintain. But in order to uphold them to-day intelligently and well, the free play of critical examination is most desirable, if not absolutely necessary. Wesley's own method of 'comparing spiritual things with spiritual' (see Preface, i. 32) needs to be employed; his own utterances, as he himself desired, have to be set side by side, and all of them to be brought into the clearest light of Scripture, reason, and Christian experience. This work Dr. Sugden has carried out with great ability and care; with due reverence for authority and hallowed tradition, but with fearlessness and freedom, as becomes a teacher of the twentieth century. The result is that such cardinal topics as Justification by Faith, the Witness of the Spirit, Christian Perfection, and others, will be far better understood by the student of the Standard Sermons who uses this edition than by one who prides himself on reading 'without note or comment.' The subject of 'Original Sin' also is made more intelligible by the Introduction here given to Wesley's sermon upon it (Sermon xxxviii., Vol. ii., p. 207) and the relation between the account of the 'Fall of Man' in Genesis and the teaching of modern science is discussed in various notes, e.g. i. 112, 117, 186.

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We had marked a number of other passages of great interest to students of Wesley who are loyal to their leader and at the same time 'modern' in their temper and spirit—such as those on 'faith,' on 'enthusiasm' and 'mysticism,' and on the phases of Christian experience as illustrated by modern psychology in extracts from Professor William James—but it is impossible in a short article to deal with topics so various. Enough if we have to some small extent shown our readers how valuable a service has been rendered to Methodism and to the wider Church of Christ by Dr. Sugden's new notes on an old text and modern comments upon one of the great preachers of history. His work must have cost him long and patient labour, but it has been a labour of love. There is nothing of the Dryasdust about Dr. Sugden, and while great research and care have been necessary for the gathering and presentation of his material, the freshness of his style and his power of vivid realization prevent him from ever becoming formal and wearisome. His book—perhaps modified and improved in subsequent editions—must become *the* edition of Wesley's Standard Sermons, and present and future generations will find it indispensable.

Little space is left for the more practical part of the subject—for some readers the most important of all. What is the bearing of a fresh study of Wesley's Sermons upon the present state of the churches, especially upon present-day preaching of the Word? The first answer given would probably be, 'The times are altogether different, the conditions of life to-day are quite unlike those of the eighteenth century.' But it would probably be added, as if in the same breath, 'The essential needs of men are still fundamentally the same, and the main objects of Christian preaching are essentially unaltered.' Ministers who hear the 'Twelve Rules of a Helper' or the 'Liverpool Minutes' read may reflect that the churches do not now think or speak after that fashion, but each would add mentally

the next moment, 'There is a spirit in those words which I would fain recapture.' So with the familiar words of the Standard Sermons, especially when re-read with Dr. Sugden's modern comments. It is the old problem—how to preserve all that is best of the old spirit, while adapting it most effectively to the new need. No cut-and-dried method can be prescribed; but least desirable of all are slavish attempts at imitation, which of necessity reproduce the outward form, not the inward energy.

Wesley was first and foremost a preacher. He was, of course, very much besides, else his name would now be receiving only the honour rendered to Whitefield, instead of being a kind of centre and rallying-point for an Ecumenical Conference. But what a preacher he was! Mr. Telford tells us in his biography that 'During Wesley's half-century of itinerant life he travelled a quarter of a million miles and delivered more than forty thousand sermons.' He preached to crowds in Gwennap Pit and to tiny gatherings in country hamlets; in St. Mary's Church before the University of Oxford and to grimy colliers at Kingswood; to Lincolnshire farm-labourers and to roughs in Moorfields and the Black Country. Essentially a scholar and by habit a student, he was content to make himself 'more vile' by open-air preaching under conditions which people thought impossible for 'a scholar and a gentleman.' But remaining what he was, he won all temperaments and controlled all kinds of hearers. He never ranted, never 'played to the gallery' (odious phrase!), never lowered the standard of his plain, forcible English, and always revered his message, his mission, and his Master. The physical phenomena characteristic of great crowds under the influence of strong emotion—better understood now than at the time—were more frequent under his preaching, calm and collected as it was, than under the fervent appeals of Whitefield. Whitelamb, his brother-in-law, driven to unbelief through trouble, wrote to him, 'I saw you at

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Epworth on Tuesday evening. Your way of thinking is so extraordinary that your presence creates an awe, as though you were an inhabitant of another world.' The natural grace and dignity of Wesley's demeanour, the charm and melodious resonance of his voice, his command of pure and masculine English, and the cogency of his clear, crisp sentences, were beyond doubt valuable aids and allies. But the power that won the victory over such diverse and difficult audiences carried them far beyond himself and beyond themselves, because it was not human, but divine.

All this is a familiar story. But the conclusion to which it leads is altogether missed if it induces modern preachers to pay little or no regard to the human conditions of preaching, that they may surrender themselves to some unknown, incalculable influence, styled the power of God. The error of Simon Magus did not wholly lie in his sacrilegious attempt to purchase the gift of God with money. And there are still some in this generation who would scorn to be guilty of simony, yet who long for a vague, indefinable, supernatural 'power,' akin to that after which Simon hankered, that 'on whomsoever I lay my hands, he may receive the Holy Ghost.' We can imagine how Wesley, who kept some of his strongest vituperative epithets for 'rank enthusiasm,' would have denounced such a flagrant example of it as this. He tells us himself, in *Journal* and *Sermons*, often quite unconsciously, wherein lay the secret of his power.

Some of Wesley's wonderful success in preaching was undoubtedly his own peculiar χάρισμα from God, incommunicable and inalienable. Other great preachers since his day have had a similar 'genius for preaching,' manifested in very various ways. Who could be more unlike in temperament, style, and individual gifts than John Wesley on the one hand and George Whitefield, J. H. Newman, F. W.

¹ Quoted by Dr. Sugden (i. 147) in the Introduction to Sermon vii., which was preached on his father's tombstone at Epworth.

Robertson, C. H. Spurgeon, and D. L. Moody, when compared with him and with one another? Or, to go back to the beginning, who more diverse than Peter, Paul, John, Barnabas, Apollos, in all of whom there wrought 'the same Spirit, dividing to each one severally, even as He will'? But in the first century, and in every period of Church history since, that Spirit has not been a vague, abstract, sublime 'influence,' but the Spirit of Christ and of God, especially of Christ crucified, the power of God and the wisdom of God. The old truth needs to be freshly conceived, freshly expressed, and freshly applied, but the divine, spiritual energy has been throughout the same. And, in inferior degree, the effect is the same with the printed sermon, read because the living voice can no longer be heard. In this great matter style is not the only antiseptic. Wesley may be keen, direct, logical; Whitefield may be florid and rhetorical; Newman may be subtle and penetrating, his diction fitting his thought as a perfect glove fits the hand, and his words piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, of joints and marrow. But it is not the style which mainly does the work. Spurgeon possessed a melodious voice and an admirable style for reaching and influencing the multitude, but these have not been the excellences that have given his printed sermons a circulation of more millions than many good preachers can command thousands. No stream can permanently refresh and fertilize that is not fed by hidden springs. The river of the water of life issues forth from the sanctuary; its fountain-head is to be found afar, among the everlasting hills.

Truisms these, no doubt. But, while suggested by the appearance of an edition of Wesley's Sermons, which aims at 'modernizing' them in the best sense of that ambiguous word, these truisms have fresh pertinence for the third decade of the twentieth century. We move amidst the backwash of a turbid and tremendous current. Or, to change the figure, the tide is no longer at the flood, but at a turn of

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the ebb when 'the voyage of our life is bound in shallows and in miseries.' Men listen—they tell us, all in vain—for the supreme voice, the authentic note, the trumpet that gives no uncertain sound. Sometimes, in such periods of lassitude and reaction when religion itself seems to have become *blasée* and outworn, God sends a Luther or a Wesley, and gives him, as it were, 'a trumpet-voice, on all the world to call.' But the highway has to be prepared for the coming of the king. Lesser men have in all ages made the way ready for the chariot-wheels of the greater. Vision must come before utterance and utterance before action. There are always reformers before the Reformation. Through such a period of preparing the way of the Lord the Christian Churches are called at present to pass, and this annotated edition of classical sermons suggests many thoughts as to the way in which the work of sacred preparation ought to be done.

The preacher of to-day has not Wesley's powers to use, nor Wesley's mission to fulfil. But he may learn how afresh, in the very different circumstances of our time, the work of the Evangelical Revival in the eighteenth century may be carried out once again, perhaps even more mightily and effectually. He may learn the need of a closer fidelity to great central truths, of a more tenacious and triumphant religious conviction, whether for purposes of defence or aggression. He may have kindled afresh within him an inextinguishable flame of zeal for God in Christ and a passionate earnestness in the rescue of the perishing around him and afar off. He may gain a new glimpse of spiritual privileges and high possibilities in the service of God for those who are believers in His glorious promises and doers of His holy will. He may learn the same lessons, old yet perennially new, both from the preacher and the bard. For Wesley's hymns accompany Wesley's sermons. Some of Charles Wesley's hymns are sermons of the best, and parts of John Wesley's sermons could almost be chanted

in recitative. 'A verse may find him who a sermon flies.' The present-day preacher who drinks anew from either of these two fresh springs will, as a true evangelical, be filled afresh with the spirit of true evangelism, seldom better expressed than in the familiar words :

Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine !
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like Thine ;
And lead them to Thy open side,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.

W. T. DAVISON.

THE REVIVAL OF HENLEY

I NOTICE a curious revival of interest in Henley, caused by the publication of his letters and works, in five volumes, which have been widely reviewed. Henley was a striking personality. He had no genius; he was not a great writer. I never met him. Only he asked me twice for two articles; one on Coventry Patmore, that I wrote in London; one, on Paul Verlaine, I wrote in Paris. It was printed in *The National Review* in 1892, and was, I believe, the first detailed study of the whole of his work up to that date. I heard a great deal about Henley from Yeats, who had an immense admiration for the man and for his prose. It delights me to read in his *Memoirs of Four Years* an account of Henley which is admirable, sympathetic, and, above all, entirely written from the Irish point of view. He says there: 'I disagreed with him about everything, but I admired him beyond words. Henley often revised my lyrics, crossing out a stanza or a line and writing in one of his own, and I was comforted by my belief that he also re-wrote Kipling, then in the first flood of popularity.' I remember Yeats telling me one night when he was spending a winter with me in Fountain Court the impression he had of the first meeting of Wilde and Henley at Henley's room in Westminster. He said to me, Wilde tried his utmost to fascinate Henley by his brilliant paradoxes, by his sudden gymnastics, with words in which the phrase itself was always worth more than it said. All that time his fixed idea was, I imagine, to endeavour to imitate his life-long enemy, once his friend, Whistler, by transfixing Henley with some poisoned dagger, such as the one he refers to in the painted and heavily perfumed pages of *Dorian Gray*. He did not fascinate Henley; Henley

beat him down, time after time, with some heavy weapon of his own fashioning. The result was, in Yeats' words: 'When I dined with Wilde a few days afterwards he began at once, "I had to strain every nerve to equal that man at all," and I was too loyal to speak my thought, "You and not he said all the brilliant things." He, like the rest of us, had felt the strain of an intensity that seemed to hold life at the point of drama.'

In the poetry of Henley, so interesting always, and at times so admirable, I find an example to my hand of modernity in verse. For a man of such eager and active temperament, a writer of such intellectual vivacity, his literary baggage is singularly small. In any case, there is something revolutionary about his work, as in his verse, which he can enlarge so as to take in London; perhaps a test of the poetry which professes to be modern—its capacity for dealing with London, with what one might see there, indoors and out of doors. To be modern in poetry, to represent oneself, to be modern and yet poetical is, perhaps, the most difficult, as it certainly is the most interesting, of all artistic achievements. Had Walt Whitman—whose work remains a suggestion, not an accomplishment—possessed the art, as he possessed, and at times revealed, the soul of poetry, it is possible that in him we might have found the typical modern poet. On the contrary, Henley's subject-matter in verse was a discovery. His verse is made out of personal sensations, verse which is half physiological, verse which is pathology; and yet, at its best, poetry. Always undoubtedly modern, using too often merely prosaic words, he has set some of the most human emotions to a music that is itself curiously modern, as in certain jingles, which seem to give a particular, hardly defined sensation with ingenious success. It is a sensation vague in itself, delicious and frivolous, an inconsequent, inconsistent emotion, born of some happy accident.

I have at times felt, with an intense horror and aversion,

a bourgeois solemnity in much of the really quite good, the very respectable work in verse that is done nowadays—bourgeois, for all its distinction, of a kind. Only, when I use the word nowadays, the word itself is as explicit to me at the exact moment when I am writing these lines, as it was in the days of Dowson, as it was in the days of Verlaine. The taint, the plague-spot of bad verse has always been that of the bourgeois. Only at that time none of us who were actually artists were afraid of emotion, were ashamed of frivolity, were aghast at passion. Only now, certainly, I know not how many verse-makers are concerned only with the question that the sentiment as well as the rhyme must be right. Still, when Henley found what was really a personal emotion—he was ashamed of none of the human instincts—it was with a brush of passionate impressionism that he painted for us the London of midsummer nights, London at 'the golden end' of October afternoons, London cowering in winter under the wind fiend 'out of the poisonous east.' In his impression of the mood of deadly companionship of the sea and of night he certainly succeeded in flashing the picture, in realizing the intangible.

Growling, obscene, and hoarse,
 Tales of unnumbered ships,
 Goodly and strong, companions of the advance,
 In some vile alley of the night
 Waylaid and bludgeoned—
 Dead.

These lines, like so many of Henley's later verse, are written in *vers libre*; he made for himself a rough, serviceable metre in unrhymed verse, full of twitching nerves and capable of hurrying or dragging. I have always wondered whether it is an unreasonable prejudice that inclines me to question the wisdom of doing without rhyme in measures that seem to demand it. It is to be found in Tasso's 'Aminta'; in Leopardi, whose genius and structure are

infinitely superior to Tasso's; in D'Annunzio's '*Francesca da Rimini*,' where the metre is purely a means to an end—a dramatic end. In English verse I find the most perfect example of blank verse varied into half lyric measures in some of the speeches in Milton's '*Samson Agonistes*' :

But who is this? What thing of land or sea—
 Female of sex it seems—
 That, so bedecked, ornate and gay,
 Comes this way sailing,
 Like a stately ship
 Of Tarsus, bound for the isles
 Of Javan and Gadire,
 With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
 Sails filled, and streamers waving,
 Courted by all the winds that hold them play?

This in its way is perfect, but I have always felt as I feel now—that to do without rhyme is to do without one of the beauties of poetry; I think, one of its inherent beauties.

Revolutionary always, as I have said, Henley had a wholesome but perilous discontent with the conventions of verse and of language; he was always—in this I admired him—very emphatic in likes and in dislikes, always eagerly, honestly, never quite dispassionately. Original, brilliant, pictorial, his style tired one by its pungency, dazzled one by its glitter. Every word had to be emphatic and every stroke had to score heavily—as his own speech always had to—and every sentence had to be an epigram. I have only to turn over the pages of Henley's prose to select one of his passionate utterances; it is on George Borrow, who is always true to that 'peculiar mind and system of nerves' of which he is always aware, and which drove him into all sorts of cunning ways of telling the truth and of making it bewildering; who in those pages of *Lavengro*, where he describes his paroxysm of fear in the dingle, descends into some 'obscure night of the soul.'

'Lavengro emerges from the ordeal most consciously magnificent. Circumstantial as Defoe, rich in combinations as Lesage, and with such an instinct of the picturesque, both personal and local, as none of them possessed, this strange wild man holds on his strange wild way, and leads you captive to the end. Moreover, that his dialogue should be set down in racy, nervous, idiomatic English, with a kind of language at once primitive and scholarly, forceful but homely—the speech of the artist in sods and turfs—if at first it surprise and charm, yet ends by seeming so natural and just that you go on to forget all about it, and accept the whole thing as the genuine outcome of a man's experience which it purports to be. Add that it is all entirely unsexual; that there is none with so poor an intelligence of the heart as woman moves it; that the book does not exist in which the relations between boy and girl are more miserably misrepresented than in *Lavengro* and *The Romany Rye*; that that picturesque ideal of romance which, finding utterance in Hurtado de Mendoza, was presently to appeal to such artists as Cervantes, Quevedo, Lesage, Smollett, finds such expression in *Lavengro* and *The Romany Rye* as nowhere else.'

We know that Rossetti had the genius of verbal mystery; that his verse has an actually hypnotic quality which exerts itself on those who come within his magic circle; that when Rossetti speaks, no other voice, for the moment, seems worth listening to; that, after he died, the world was not quite the same as it was before. What has Henley to say of him? 'But if he can read "Sister Helen" without wishing that at least a third part of it had remained unwritten—or at least unpublished—then he has to show that he is fully alive to the perfection, and at every point awake to the completeness of "Kubla Khan" and the "Ode to a Nightingale"; that (in fine) he knows the difference between organic art and art that is inorganic in that the life it lives is only one of suggestions and phrases, the half of which we

should have spared, and whose aggregate effect is to set us wondering if Milton were not a mistake, and if Shakespeare would not really be the better for a vast deal of chastisement.'

Here Henley loses all his sense of values; even more so when he attempts—and how vainly—to weigh in his slender balances the enormous, the tremendous, the creative genius of Balzac. 'He was the least capable and the most self-conscious of artists; his observation was that of an inspired and very careful auctioneer; he was a visionary and a fanatic; he was gross, ignorant, morbid of mind, cruel in heart, vexed with a strain of Sadism that makes him on the whole corrupting and ignoble in effect.' Only a man with an ignoble mind could have written this venomous diatribe. On Rabelais he shoots no venom. 'For Rabelais clean is not Rabelais at all. His grossness is an essential component in his mental fabric, an element in whose absence he would not be Rabelais, but somebody else.' He is almost as eloquent when he writes on Cyril Tourneur, as Swinburne. 'Tourneur's was a fierce and bitter spirit. The words in which he unpacked his heart are vitalized with passion. As for three or four lines in "The Revenger's Tragedy," each is of such an amazing propriety, is so keenly discriminated, is so obviously the product of an imagination burning with rage and hate, that it strikes you like an affront; each is an incest taken in the fact and branded there and then.'

Even here his vocabulary is reckless; it was in his verse that he tried to curb himself to a restraint in the debauch of sounding and coloured words. Henley's verse, whenever it has been good, has always been a whisper, or a pathetic cry, or a lilt which seems to come from a long way off, like the sound of dance-music in a village fair heard across the fields. His brave lamentings over himself, and the pains of his body, in the 'Hospital' poems; his impressions of streets, and parks, and water, and the City seasons, in the *London Voluntaries*; all the flitting snatches of song which

he has scattered up and down his pages, have a personal quality, and strike a personal note. They are often speech rather than song; but, after all, there is room for speech in poetry, when it is the utterance of an interesting personality and really says something. Some of them are quite evanescent song, giving us the delight of music with the least possible accompaniment of words. But in much of his verse, and notably in his patriotic pamphlet *For England's Sake*, Henley shouts at the top of his voice, and his voice is not suited for shouting. His favourite Byron, it is true, often shouted, and Henley has been telling us that Byron is the only modern English poet worth reading; or—what he conceives to be the same thing—the only modern English poet whom he himself cares to read. But though Byron would have been a better poet if he had never shouted at all, it cannot be denied that he shouted to uncommonly good effect, and that his voice carried to an uncommonly long distance. Henley is an exquisite poet with many limitations. He has not written much, but he has written too much. If he had given us only his very best, how good it would have been! But, like most people whose range is limited, he seems to wish above all things to produce an effect of breadth. At his best naturally a delicate poet, he would be a vigorous and even ferocious poet. He came to us with a little book of verses in which were a few good lines—a few, as it were, accidental glimmerings of imagination—but not one poem. Some of it was like boyish verse done for play, some like journalistic verse done for an occasion, some like verse done as a challenge to Kipling. Now Kipling's verse, even where it is not slang, is rarely poetry; but it is, for the most part, clean and neat in its rhythmical swing, well adapted for the purposes of the music-halls, easy to remember, even without tune, praiseworthy in its control of the means of clarity, and, in short, a genuine article of its kind. But Henley has been too good a poet to be able to compete with

Kipling on the level of this particular kind of platform. Kipling is like a practised musician on that strange orchestra which we see sometimes in the street, clinging around one performer; he nods his head, and the bells tinkle about his pagoda-shaped hat, he stamps his foot, and the drum-stick bangs the drum and sets the cymbals clapping on his back, and all the while he is playing a concertina with both his hands, and perhaps blowing into a pan-pipe with his mouth. But Henley never got accustomed to his orchestra before coming out into the street. The drum-stick fell on the wrong beat, the cymbals would not clash, the concertina would lose its way in the tune. He should have been playing on a flute in the fields, and instead of this he strayed into a noisy profession which did not suit him.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

CHRIST AND THE CREEDS¹

WE are glad to be given so soon a full report of the principal papers read at the Modern Churchmen's Conference at Cambridge last August. It is well to be able to read at leisure words which raised such a storm of criticism. All serious students of the progress of thought on the greatest of all themes will be grateful to the editor for this publication.

It is not unnatural that one of the first questions raised in the mind of a reader is as to the relationship between these papers and the well-known book edited by Drs. Foakes Jackson and Kirsopp Lake on *The Beginnings of Christianity*, or Dr. Lake's book, *Landmarks of Early Christianity*. It may be said at once that the modern Churchmen as a whole find the conclusions of these books profoundly unsatisfying. So Mr. Emmet writes: 'The fundamental criticism on these books is that they fail historically because they make Jesus unimportant and uninteresting. Such a view explains neither the figure of Jesus as given us in the Gospels, nor the impact of Jesus on His age.' Canon Barnes writes, even more scathingly, 'The authors of such a book as *The Beginnings of Christianity* appear to reach what we may not unfairly term rejective conclusions by an ingenuity of atomic disintegration which a physicist might envy. Yet, when the process ended, Jesus still lives, great and unexplained.' The fine articles of Mr. Emmet and Mr. Lightfoot on 'What do we know of Jesus?' and of Canon Barnes on 'The Centrality of Jesus' are a powerful reinforcement of such criticisms. No one can read them without feeling the warmth and glow of those who know for themselves the attraction of our Lord, and who lay all that they have

¹ *The Modern Churchman*, Conference Number, Oxford, September, 1921.

to give in tribute at His feet. Mr. Lightfoot's brief article is a specially beautiful presentation of our Lord as He lived and moved amongst men. It is, however, when we came to the more theological papers that we are compelled to ask questions. No one, to be sure, maintains that the last word was spoken at Nicaea or Constantinople or Chalcedon. The fathers of the Church had certain great facts of history and experience which they sought to interpret with the help of the best knowledge available in their own day. As the passing years give us deeper understanding, especially of the meaning of human personality, we may find better terms in which to express our faith. It would be faithless to deny that this may be so. But we must be on our guard, lest in our desire for plainer creeds, especially such as may commend themselves to the modern man, we simplify our problem by leaving out some of its essential elements. It is because the modern Churchmen seem to us to have done this that we are obliged to question some of their main conclusions.

Let us begin with the paper by the editor, Mr. Major, on 'Jesus, the Son of God.' Mr. Major begins, as is natural, by considering the moral sonship, at present potential only, which our Lord counted as the privilege of all men, and the special Messianic Sonship which He claimed for Himself. One expects such a discussion to clear the way for the question whether there was not present in our Lord the consciousness of a Sonship more deeply rooted than either of these, and so, as His followers have always held, unique and essential, or, if the word essential be thought ambiguous, one in which none of His followers can ever share. Mr. Major leaves this question unanswered. Of the great sayings that enter into such a discussion there is a passing reference to 'That hour knoweth no man, not even the Son.' Yet in those words, which are of unquestioned authenticity, one of the 'foundation pillars' of Schmiedel, our Lord takes for Himself as Son a place above

all men and all angels. More surprising still is the omission of any reference to the passage which has been called 'the most important for Christology in the New Testament,' the words found in Matt. xi. 27 and Luke x. 22, belonging, as the critics agree, to the source known as Q, and therefore possessing very early authority. In an earlier paper Mr. Lightfoot says truly, 'This is the Johannine doctrine of the Son, which is most precisely stated in the famous passage in Matt. xi. and its parallel.' It is really astonishing that any article on the Sonship of Jesus, however brief, can pass over such words in silence. Till they have been reckoned with no conclusion is possible. In his *Theologie des Neuen Testaments* Dr. Paul Feine has an exceedingly valuable discussion of our Lord's idea of Sonship. Dr. Feine is a fully equipped critical scholar, and by no means a supporter of any conventional orthodoxy. Yet he writes, 'This word is spoken from a supramundane, divine consciousness. The relation of the Father and the Son reaches back into eternity. . . . We have in the Synoptics no word of Jesus about a pre-temporal existence with God, nor about the wonderful method of His becoming man. Yet the doctrine of the deity of Christ, whose beginnings we meet in Paul, and whose further development beyond Paul we meet in the Epistle to the Hebrews and in John, is not a new construction of the Christian Church on the ground of an unhistorical valuation of Jesus or the controlling influence of non-Christian myths, but it is the completion and the dogmatic working out, resting in part upon contemporary material, of a claim which Jesus Himself made in this Synoptic word which we have just treated.'¹ Such judgments as this may be criticized, but they cannot be ignored.

Following Mr. Major is Dr. Hastings Rashdall's paper on 'Christ as Logos and Son of God,' printed, as the editor assures us, exactly as it was delivered. One cannot wonder

¹ Op. cit., p. 48.

on reading the opening paragraphs that this address called forth such forcible protests. Dr. Rashdall masses together a number of things which 'we do not and cannot mean by ascribing divinity to Christ.' In the first of these he says, 'Never in any critically well-attested sayings is there anything which suggests that His conscious relation to God was other than that of a man towards God—the attitude which He wished that all men should adopt towards God.' He proceeds to refer to the Fourth Gospel, and, like Mr. Major, omits discussion of the passages we have just considered (save for one passing reference in a footnote). What has been said of Mr. Major's article refers here also, and need not be repeated.

The most valuable part of Dean Rashdall's paper is his discussion of the terms 'divine' and 'human.' We have learnt much since the days of Chalcedon, and can no longer think of 'divine' and 'human' as mutually exclusive terms. We may quote a fine sentence that follows: 'That man is not merely the creature and plaything of God, that there is a certain community of nature between God and man, that all human minds are reproductions "in limited modes" of the Divine Mind, that in all true human thinking there is a reproduction of the divine thought, and, above all, that in the highest ideals which the human conscience recognizes there is a revelation of the ideal eternally present in the Divine Mind—these are the presuppositions under which alone any real meaning can be given to the doctrine' (of the Incarnation). From this standpoint Dr. Rashdall goes on to criticize the views of those who complain, as does Professor Pringle-Pattison, that the 'Incarnation of the Son has been limited to a single individual.' He shows the danger of affirming that 'human nature is divine' and stopping there. This ends in the Hindu theology, or in the teaching of those who, recognizing no cosmic significance in human morality, place God 'beyond good and evil.' He states his own position in words that we are

glad to quote: 'If we believe that every human soul reveals, reproduces, incarnates God *to some extent*; if we believe that in the great ethical teachers of mankind, the great religious personalities, the founders, the reformers of religions, the heroes, the prophets, the saints, God is more fully revealed than in other men; if we believe that up to the coming of Christ there had been a gradual, continuous, and on the whole progressive revelation of God (especially, though by no means exclusively, in the development of Jewish Monotheism), then it becomes possible to believe that in one Man the self-revelation of God has been signal, supreme, unique. That we are justified in thinking of God as like Christ, that the character and teaching of Christ contains the fullest disclosure, both of the character of God Himself and of His will for man—that is (so far as so momentous a truth can be summed up in a few words) the true meaning for us of the doctrine of Christ's divinity.' We recognize to the full the elements of truth in such a statement. It leads us far on our journey. But to us it is inadequate, because it seems to us that in his exposition of some of the errors of traditional theology Dr. Rashdall has himself neglected to explore with sufficient thoroughness the consciousness of our Lord. It is there, and not in Philonic speculation nor in Jewish Apocalypse, that we find the sure foundation of the Catholic faith in Christ's Person.

Following Dr. Rashdall comes the longest paper in the book, written by Professor Bethune-Baker on 'Jesus as both Human and Divine.' Dr. Baker is well known as a scholar and a writer, and all students of theology are his debtors. We are perhaps right in supposing that in him, the leading theologian of the group, we may expect to find the clearest exposition of what is new in the positions advocated. Once again we must notice that the Synoptic passages which seem to us to be the most important of all are never considered. In the main, after briefly alluding to the difficulties inherent in the Kenotic theories of the

Person of Christ, and of those which strive after the thought of two centres of consciousness, Dr. Baker is at one with Dean Rashdall. Yet he is strongly drawn to the old argument 'that the great sacrifice which the belief that God is love implies, which is manifested in the life of the Incarnate, must belong to the very being of God. . . . The relationship Father and Son, as representing the actuality of love and its inherent activity of sacrifice, must be rooted in the Being of God. So the Son must be as eternally existent as the Father. The religious value of the idea is obvious. I do not think we can escape the logic of the argument.' Dr. Baker seeks to save the value of the argument by a suggestion on which one would like to have the judgement of Dr. Rashdall, the philosopher. He speaks of a world of *finite intelligences co-eternal with God* (the italics are ours). Such a view is surely reminiscent of Dr. McTaggart's teaching. He also holds that reality consists of a system of selves, working towards the production of something of spiritual significance and value. But he adds, 'If we hold this view, it seems to me that the directing mind is not wanted at all to account for the traces of order in the universe' (*Some Dogmas of Religion*, p. 247). Dr. Baker, of course, is very far from drawing such a conclusion, and would reject it with indignation. Yet it shows how impossible it is to safeguard the thought of a love that existed before time by such a method. Further, when Dr. Baker says, 'The Creator is not separated from His creatures; they do not exist apart from Him. They have their origin in the will and love of God; they are the counterparts of that will and love, *as necessary to the existence of God as He is to theirs*' (italics ours), it is impossible for us to agree. The words of Scheffler as translated by John Wesley are the language of devotion, but they come nearer to the truth after which we are striving:

Yet, self-sufficient as Thou art,
Thou dost desire my worthless heart.

It appears to us that Dr. Baker, in his emphasis on the immanence of God, has lost sight here of the corresponding truth of His transcendence. We may quote some words from Dr. W. L. Walker to express our meaning. He writes, 'God must be the Absolute Reality *in Himself*, apart from the developing creation. The world is the scene of an evolution, but it cannot be that of the evolution of *God*. It can only be the scene of the gradual self-impartment of being from the Infinite Source *because* of His possession of perfect being in Himself' (*Christian Theism and a Spiritual Monism*, p. 247). To us it seems that such words are unquestionably true. To say less than this is to rob the great word 'God' of the meaning which it had for our Lord Himself. We are not concerned with the use of the word 'Absolute,' which has so many shades of meaning that it is hard to argue from it with any exactness. But the great saying of the Fourth Gospel that 'the Father has life in Himself' belongs to the centre of Christian Theism.

Earlier in his paper, Professor Baker, referring to the Virgin Birth, utters a sentence which seems to us singularly inadequate. He writes, 'I can only regard this idea of miraculous birth as aetiological and honorific—in those days as natural and reasonable a way of accounting for a great personality, and the experience of which Jesus was the cause and the centre, as it would be unnatural and irrational to-day.' It seems to us that this can only suggest to the uninstructed reader that at the time of the origin of the New Testament it was the custom to ascribe miraculous birth freely to outstanding personalities. There is, of course, no shadow of evidence for this. We may refer to Harnack's judgement on this point. He runs through the various suggestions as to the origin of the gospel story, and shows how it has been traced to Buddhism, to Egypt, to Babylonia, to Phrygia, to Persia, to Mithraism, to the legends of the wonderful birth of Plato or of Augustus. He finds this survey in the highest degree unsatisfactory, and

counts it unthinkable that the Christian tradition could have arisen in such a way. His own explanation of the story is not now before us. But his judgement, with which another negative critic, Lobstein, is entirely in accord, shows how unfounded Dr. Baker's sweeping generalization is.¹

From such criticisms it is a pleasure to turn to some of the positive statements of faith. However much the writers from whom we have been quoting differ from traditional Christology, they join with the Universal Church in the worship of the living Christ. Thus Canon Barnes writes, 'We acknowledge that the risen Lord has not only an earthly but a cosmic dominion, that in every place and for all time the power of His love will endure.' Professor Baker writes, 'He becomes for me merged, as it were, in God, or identical with God. . . . God stands for me for the highest values in life, and because I believe those values were actualized in the person and life of Jesus I must use the title "God" of Him.' Such words, recalling as they do some of the glowing sentences of Herrmann's *Communion of the Christian with God*, show, without the need of any comment, how misleading and unjust were some of the earlier criticisms of these papers. Yet they leave us asking, as did the Ritschlian theology as a whole, whether sufficient foundations have been left for so exalted a faith. In a most attractive paper on 'Jesus: Human and Divine' Mr. Parsons speaks of the world's need of Christ. 'The world simply cannot get along without Him; it begins to fall to pieces when it tries to leave Him out.' He is urgent that we should not begin by presenting to the men of our generation any formal theology, but rather, by moving them to give themselves over to the spirit and the ideals of Jesus, to lead them on to a fuller faith. With such a plea we have the

¹ Harnack, *Dogmen-geschichte*⁴, i. 118n; Lobstein, *The Virgin Birth of Christ*.

fullest sympathy, and are glad to be able to believe the further words of Mr. Parsons when he writes, 'Many people, who may at present only profess to be followers of the Man of Nazareth and His way, are coming, by convictions which are the same as those which led St. Paul and St. John, to assert, each in his own way, the cosmic significance and deity of Christ.' This seems to be an unconscious echo of the words of Luther, 'The Scriptures begin very gently, and lead us on to Christ as to a man, and then to One who is Lord over all creatures, and after that to One who is God. So do I enter delightfully, and learn to know God.' We are all trying to learn that lesson, and to lead gently onwards those who stagger at the vastness of the Christian claim for our Lord. Yet those who are theologians must still wrestle with the facts, and must not turn away to simpler solutions which are reached by ignoring some of the facts presented to them. Writing of the Arian controversy, in one of his brilliantly epigrammatic sentences, Professor Gwatkin said, 'In seeking a *via media* between a Christian and a Unitarian interpretation of the gospel, Arius managed to combine the difficulties of both without securing the advantages of either. If Christ is not truly God, the Christians are convicted of idolatry, and if He is not truly man, there is no case for Unitarianism. Arius is condemned both ways.' Some of the speculations we have considered, especially in the articles of Dr. Baker and Dr. Rashdall, seem to us to lie open to a similar criticism. We are to assign to Christ a cosmic position. When we think what the word 'cosmic' really means, are we not driven to say of Him, 'God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God'? We are to join in the universal worship of the Holy Catholic Church offered to its Lord and Saviour. Can we think of a divinity that demands such worship as having its beginning in time? Must we not take the words, 'Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father,' and let them lead us back to think of Him as 'begotten of His Father before all worlds'? All

language fails us as we try to speak of such mysteries.
Really to believe :

That the Eternal and Divine
Did, nineteen centuries ago,
In very truth. . . . Enough ! you know
The all-stupendous tale—that Birth,
That Life, that Death—

perhaps no man truly believes this till he has found out how hard it is to believe it at all. Yet to those who have found this truth it is the key to unlock all the secrets of life. Of the teaching of Athanasius Dr. Lindsay has said, 'The central citadel is a spiritual intuition—I *know* that *my* Saviour is the God who made heaven and earth.' We do not believe that the Christian consciousness will ever be content to affirm less.

WILFRID J. MOULTON.

AUSTIN DOBSON AND 'LYRA ELEGANTIARUM'

(*A record of kindness to a young writer*)

OF the late Mr. Austin Dobson I write here only to record his singular kindness to a young fellow craftsman. As the kindnesses concern only myself, and early editorial work of mine, I have some hesitation in doing so. One's hope is, however, that as the poet's son, the Rev. Cyril C. Dobson, Vicar of St. Peter's, Paddington, has inherited no small portion of his father's gifts, both in light verse and in distinguished prose, he may give us in volume form the main facts of the poet's literary career (Austin Dobson's life in a Government office at the Board of Trade was uneventful), together with as many of the letters as can be collected. In such case, even these recollections by one who knew the subject of such memoir may serve a purpose, and may, indeed, suggest a chapter concerning similar kindnesses done to others.

When first I met Austin Dobson he was at the height of his fame, and I the youngest of three editors on the staff of a great publishing house. My two colleagues, both distinguished scholars, had published many books, whereas I had published only one, and that anonymously. By Mr. Frederick Locker (later Locker-Lampson) I had just then been invited to assist in the editorial work of the new edition of his volume of Social and Occasional Verse, *Lyra Elegantiarum*. On the question of the rejection or inclusion of certain poems, Mr. Locker said, 'Let us consult Dobson. Now that Tennyson' (whose son, Lionel, was Locker's son-in-law) 'is over eighty and must not be troubled on such matters, I set greater store by Dobson's judgement as an arbiter of taste in letters than on that of any one now alive.

I think you told me you had never met him. Come and spend next week-end at Rowfant to do so.'

I was unable to accept the invitation, but Mr. Locker, who, by reason of his temperamental languidness and backwardness, would procrastinate, *sine die*, the writing of a letter or the paying of a call that would further only his own interests, personal, literary, or otherwise, spared himself in nothing that would further the interests of others. He saw that I was shy and shrank from, even dreaded, rather than sought introductions to the great of my own craft whom, thus far, I had worshipped only at a distance, and in gentle fashion he took me to task on the matter. 'I felt very much as you do, at your age,' he said. 'Perhaps, grizzled, cynical, and case-hardened old campaigner as I now am, I feel very much the same to-day. But you must overcome it, as I tried—as I am still trying—to overcome that sort of backwardness.'

Less, I suspect, because he was anxious to obtain Mr. Dobson's advice about *Lyra Elegantiarum*, than because he knew it would be to my advantage to meet the author of *Old World Idylls* and *At the Sign of the Lyre*, Mr. Locker was determined that I should do so. What happened I cannot positively say, as I never put the question to either, but I am convinced that he wrote to Mr. Dobson, for within two days I had a letter from the latter. It began with the formal 'My dear Sir,' but otherwise was the most cordial and friendly invitation to the effect that as Ealing, where he lived, was some way out of town, he would be so glad if I would give him the pleasure of making my acquaintance, by coming to have tea with him at the Board of Trade, any afternoon convenient to me, between three and five.

When I called, he happened to be in another room, and I sat nervously awaiting the entrance of one whom as a Society Poet I had imagined (why, I have often wondered since) as tall of person, something of an 'exquisite' in dress, courteous, but possibly cold, even cynical of speech,

and as not a little bored at having, even by a friend's wish, to do the 'agreeable' to one so entirely outside the world of fashion as myself.

Instead, with a cheery, 'Here you are then, Mr. Kernahan! Keeping my seat warm for me? I am delighted to see you,' there entered, with outstretched hand—except for the unmistakable distinction which I had expected—the very reverse of the Austin Dobson I had pictured. He was shortish, plumpish, pinkish (in those days) of complexion, and almost Quakerlike in the quiet simplicity of his dress. I had only to look into the grave, steadfast, but kindly and sometimes smiling eyes that met mine so frankly and so shrewdly-observantly, but which even a shy man could meet without feeling that he was being critically scrutinized and summed up, to know that I was in the presence of one of the friendliest, kindest, and most modest of men.

Next to the eyes, the noticeable feature was the nose, which was strongly marked, and with an aquiline, almost a Jewish downward hook or turn. Very plentiful brown hair, slightly greying, and brushed off the broad, high forehead, on the side of the parting, but allowed to droop slightly towards the ear on the opposite side; a thick moustache, almost entirely covering the mouth; a firm chin, and you have an impression at least of Austin Dobson as he seemed to me in those far back days. I am forgetting his voice. Low pitched, cultivated, but never self-consciously so, it was singularly pleasant to hear, not only for its clarity and musical quality, but because in Austin Dobson's voice was a cordiality which warmed the heart responsively.

Early the following morning, on his way to the Board of Trade, which was some distance from the office in the publishing house where I was a junior editor, he called to see me. Already the heat was sweltering, and I remember that the perspiration was trickling from his forehead into his eyes, for he was literally staggering under a load of books which he thought would assist me in my revision of *Lyra*

Elegantiarum. Nor was it only because my chief, Mr. Locker, was a friend of his, that Mr. Dobson was at this trouble, for later, when I was engaged on other work, he was equally willing to accord help and advice.

Then, one morning, came a volume of his poems with his name, signed in a clear, almost clerkly hand, under a kind inscription in the even more clearly written print in which most of his letters are penned. I have received other books from him with even kinder inscriptions since then, as well as signed portraits, but this volume—the very first presentation copy to come my way from a distinguished poet—brought me that joy of 'the first time' which, F. W. Robertson says, 'never comes back.'

Alas for the response which I made for such kindness! I know better than to do so now, but in those, my salad days of 'beginning author,' I had no more consideration for his time than to inflict upon him a copy of my first and only published book. I remember quoting to Swinburne the saying that to send a man of letters either a book of one's own or an unnecessary letter, requiring acknowledgement, is like putting a postman to the trouble of a five-mile walk after he has his boots off; and Swinburne's shrill and gymnastic—for he indulged in something like a war whoop and war dance of invective against the whole tribe of uninvited letter-writers and book-senders—endorsement of the indictment.

Austin Dobson packed into one man's life the work and the careers of two. He was too conscientious to take his Government work as some in Government offices are said to take theirs. I have reason to know that his official duties were faithfully fulfilled, and that with them his work in letters was never allowed to interfere. That after he left his office he could start work all over again (most of all, work with pen and ink, or which required strain upon the eyes, for work of another sort might have offered a not unwelcome relaxation) leaves the less energetic of us

wondering. Yet in his scant leisure he wrote as many if not more books than are penned by some whose only occupation is that of writing. Scholarly as his books were, the amount of reading entailed was prodigious. To say that he had time to read only the books concerned with the subject in hand would be far from the facts. In his office days, he once told me that his trouble was that he was unable to find time to read half of the books which he ought to read for the right understanding of his subject. Yet he found or made time to read the immature and amateur first work which, to my shame, I inflicted upon him, and time even to write me a kind letter :

DEAR MR. KERNAHAN,—I did not like to acknowledge your book until I had read it. Hence what must seem an unpardonable neglect on my part. I am not surprised at its success. It seems to me to be very eloquent, and at times extremely vivid in its presentment of its theme. I hope it is only the preface to still greater triumphs on your part, and I feel complimented that you quote my *Rosina*. I return Locker's 'copy.' If I can be of any service, pray command me. With kind regards, yours faithfully, AUSTIN DOBSON.

Lyra Elegantiarum completed and published, the least I could do was to send Mr. Dobson a copy of the 'large paper' or 'de luxe' edition. Here is his reply :

MY DEAR MR. KERNAHAN,—I am extremely obliged to Messrs. Ward and Lock, and to you in particular, for the handsome large paper edition of the *Lyra*. I heard from Locker that it was coming. I can understand what your trouble has been, having passed myself under those Caudine Forks of stereotyped plates. But the book ought to have a wide sale. It is, I think, quite the best collection of light miscellaneous verse that I know, and it is always a pleasure to dip into it. If only one had more time for dipping! I shall watch your critical flight with interest. I saw at the Club but have not yet read carefully your *Fortnightly Review* article on Rossetti. Philip Marston (*vidi tantum*!) is a promising subject. With very many thanks, believe me, faithfully yours, AUSTIN DOBSON.

As Mr. Dobson refers to the 'Caudine Forks of stereotyped plates,' and as these recollections centre almost entirely around *Lyra Elegantiarum*, to which I owed my first meeting

with him, I may perhaps be permitted to put on record for the first time the facts concerning the reissue of the book, especially as it is by general consent the best collection of Social Verse—is, indeed, almost a classic—and had a chequered history. The next edition may or may not be issued in my lifetime. Even so, future editions will be prepared long after I—who have reason to know the inner facts—have passed beyond reach of inquiry, and some future editor or editors may breathe a blessing on my forgotten dust for placing the facts on record.

For reasons of economy, the publishers into whose hands the book had passed wished to print the new edition from the old stereotyped plates. This meant, not a thorough revision and enlargement, but no more than the discarding, here and there, of a poem which in the editor's later judgement fell beneath standard—the vacant space being filled by a poem, necessarily, of the same length, and the addition of a few final pages. Had the type been reset, and Mr. Locker given a free hand, he, and incidentally I, would have set about the work in vastly different heart.

Another difficulty was that, in form, the book should have been dainty and attractive, as light in the hand as the contents were light intellectually. Individual in itself, it should have been individual in apparel, but, alas, the publishers had other plans. They were issuing just then their admirable Minerva Library of famous books, and Mr. Locker's little volume—a volunteer, as it were, which had shouldered its haversack of Occasional Verse in the highest spirits—was conscripted, a sullen and unwilling recruit, to serve with the Minerva Library veterans. The publishers' intention was to lend lightness to their somewhat weighty series. Lightness to the series the addition of Mr. Locker's book undoubtedly lent, but to the heavy handicapping of the work itself, and to the editor's dismay.

Had Mr. Locker himself—dangling eyeglass, daintily but carelessly adjusted necktie, and open collar—been clapped

and buttoned up, his neck enclosed in a high stock, in the military uniform of those days, he would scarcely have looked more out of his setting than did his dainty book in the uniform grey green of a Minerva Library octavo. To a connoisseur in Art and Letters, who delighted in perfection of craftsmanship and in beautiful bindings; to a bibliophile and a collector; to a writer so fastidious that he could scarcely pen a letter without giving an original or characteristic turn to his sentences—the fact that a book of his must thus go forth to the discerning among his critics and readers left him inconsolable. ‘I may confide to you, dear collaborateur,’ he said to me long after, when writing my name in a copy of his book—*Patchwork*—‘that patchwork is the best I have made alike of my life and of my books, and would be my most fitting epitaph’; and I knew by his weary, whimsical smile, and by the gentle pinch he gave to my arm, that he had the patchwork which had been made of his beautiful book in mind as he spoke. It was said reminiscently, not reproachfully, for the arrangement between editor and publisher was effected before I came to his assistance. When I did so come, he explained the circumstances by observing, ‘As publishers they have always been most obliging to me; so much so that I not only could not bring myself to oppose their wishes, but would not so much as make “terms” about this new edition, contenting myself with the hope that they will perhaps present me with as many copies as I may wish to send to my friends.’ Later he wrote: ‘I quite agree with you in all you say, but as I knew they had great experience in publishing matters, I yielded to their opinion and am now deservedly punished.’

None the less, the book, a makeshift at best, was a great success. Mr. Locker’s wonder was that it was everywhere so appreciatively reviewed. I had no such wonder, for into the pages of the first edition he had instilled not a little of the charm, the courtliness, the dilettantism, yet the

distinction of his own delightful personality. A mirror, as the book was, of his individuality, and that individuality as original and delicate as it was rare, my task, obviously, was to allow no passing shadow of his assistant to mar the mirror's surface. The book had been in existence, if not before I was born, at least when the height of my ambition was not to write or to edit books, but to play in the School Eleven. My share must be no more, I told myself, than to carry and fetch ; in a word, to play the hodman to my chief in the renovation of the National Gallery of Light Verse, of which he was both architect and builder. His airy and inconsequent touch gave grace and lightness to the architecture, and no alien handiwork must deface that of the master builder. For this reason, not a single poem was omitted or added by me except by Mr. Locker's sanction. I ought to add that, when a little later, a large-paper edition, vellum bound, beautifully produced upon hand-made paper with uncut edges, and consisting of 250 copies only, each numbered and signed by the editor, was arranged, Mr. Locker's interest in the republication of his book ceased to be languid. One of these large-paper copies I sent to Mr. Swinburne, whom at that time I saw not unfrequently. When I told Mr. Locker that on my next visit to The Pines Swinburne had carried me off to his room, and, placing the book upon a table as upon an altar, had first, as it were, prostrated himself before it as before something almost worthy of worship, if only for the beauty of its production ; then, his whim changing, had pirouetted around it on tiptoe and in glee at the possession of so covetable a piece of bookmaking, and had said that if there was, as he understood, a Minerva edition, this surely must be an edition sacred to Venus—Mr. Locker was not a little heartened. He had two or three specially prepared copies printed upon pink paper for presentation ; and that thenceforward he was not altogether displeased with the reissue of *Lyra Elegantiarum* may be gathered from the following lines

which he inscribed in the copy that he presented to me :

TO COULSON KERNAHAN FROM FREDERICK LOCKER

Verse of society,
Filled with variety,
Sentiment, piety,
Lark and 'lurliety,'
Strictest sobriety,
No impropriety—

Here Locker and Kernahan, and Kernahan and Locker
Tie a posy for Beauty, that nothing shall shock her—
That's their anxiety.

Before his death he sent me various notes of what he thought should be omitted in another edition, mentioning other pieces which he wished included, and adding, 'If I am gone before another edition is asked for, you can use these notes for your guidance.' When I was last at Rowfant, his widow, of whom I have gracious recollections, was so good as to express the hope that I should be the editor of the next edition. Mr. Locker's notes I have carefully preserved, and were I to set about the task, the new edition should be as wholly of the personality of Mr. Locker as were the first and last. If I have refrained from what would be to me a labour of love, it is because others are better qualified to undertake it. When the wish that I should 'carry on' was expressed, neither of Mr. Locker's sons had come to manhood. Since then both have shown that they inherit his gifts and tastes in literature and art. Mr. Godfrey Locker-Lampson has already edited a delightful anthology, and Commander Oliver Locker-Lampson ably assisted his brother-in-law, Mr. Birrell, in the editorial work of *Frederick Locker-Lampson : a Character Sketch*. By one or by both of Mr. Locker's sons the next edition of *Lyra Elegantiarum* should be prepared. Their father's notes, the many letters I received from him on the subject, and my own memoranda in regard to other changes indicated by him, are entirely at their service. The

book is and should be a family heirloom, and should have association with no other name than that they bear.

After the publication of *Lyra Elegantiorum*, I met Mr. Austin Dobson only occasionally. But when Mr. Locker died, four years later, we were invited to the funeral, and Dobson expressed the wish that we should walk together from the carriage to the grave. Returning to London in his company I mentioned that I was to write an article on Locker's work for *The Nineteenth Century*. Later at a dinner of the Omar Khayyám Club, of which he and I were members, he spoke of the article, and when I said that it had since been reprinted in a book he expressed a wish to see the volume, which I sent him. Here is his reply :

MY DEAR KERNAHAN,—I have not yet read all your book, but I have read a good deal of it with great pleasure. I like the Brontë and the Stevenson papers much, and greatly approve what you say of style and sense and form.

'Sei die Braut das Wort,
Brautigam der Geist.'

I tried to work it into a little fable once, 'The Toyman.' You are no doubt right about Locker's 'Rotten Row.' But I know the late Lord Bowen praised it, and I suppose that influenced me. On the other hand, I have never really cared for 'A Human Skull.' Separately, the stanzas are good, but they don't cohere or progress to anything. Then the bad rhymes—'coffin' and 'often,' 'praises' and 'daisies.' It is extremely kind of you to give me the book, and I shall put it next *Sorrow and Song*. With kind regards, yours sincerely, AUSTIN DOBSON.

This refers to the fact that in my article on Locker I said that I ventured to differ from Mr. Austin Dobson concerning the respective merits of 'Rotten Row' and 'A Human Skull.' Dobson's (or Lord Bowen's) favourable opinion of the former, and Dobson's as unfavourable opinion of the latter (which Thackeray accepted for the *Cornhill*, and to which he makes complimentary allusion in *The Adventures of Philip on His Way Through the World*), notwithstanding, my humble opinion of the two poems remains unchanged.

With the exception taken to certain rhymes in 'A Human Skull' one must agree. The late Mr. Washington Moon, author of *The Dean's English*, and editor of *Men and Women of the Time*, told me that he could not sufficiently regret having distressed Mr. Locker (who had sent him a copy of *London Lyrics*) by observing jokingly that 'In *London Lyrics* one is not surprised to find a Cockney rhyme.' Yet though one may take exception to certain rhymes in 'A Human Skull,' and take none to those in 'Rotten Row,' the fact remains that, compared with the originality of *motif*, the playful but pitiful humanity, and the graceful fancy of 'A Human Skull' (I wish it had ended with the fifth verse), 'Rotten Row' is commonplace.

How far charm and originality of conception may be set against some imperfection of technique; or perfection of technique against charm and originality of conception, I must not here discuss. Points of view, worthy at least of consideration, may be urged on either side. Austin Dobson's point of view was that of one who was a master of technique, and he held—rightly—that in no form of verse is faulty execution less admissible than in Occasional Poems. One admits that he practised what he preached, for in all his verse I recall only one word which I would willingly alter. In 'A Flower Song of Angiola' we read :

Flowers, ye are bright of hue,
Delicate, sweet,
Flowers, and the sight of you
Lightens men's feet.

To me, not only the use of the same vowel and consonant in 'lightens men's feet,' but the repetition of the two 's's,' in words, the one following directly after the other, jar. The two 's's' in fact, after the hard 'n,' set my teeth on edge. As there is no reason why flowers should not lighten the feet of women as well as of men, I prefer the reading,

Lightens our feet.

Of my later meetings with Austin Dobson I do not propose to write nor to quote later letters. Here I record only his kindnesses when I was at work upon *Lyra Elegantiarum*. If I remember rightly I neither saw nor heard from him after 1918; but in 1920, his son, the Rev. Cyril Dobson, conveyed the following message in a letter: 'My father bids me send his kindest remembrances to you, and to say that he is very infirm now, with failing sight. It is a very great effort to write, but he recalls your visits and letters with appreciation.' To this was added an invitation that when next I was in town I would call for Mr. Cyril Dobson at St. Peter's Vicarage, Paddington, and journey out to Ealing to see his father. Later the invitation was repeated; but, alas, no opportunity for acceptance came. During, and since the war, pressure of work prevents many of us who live in the country from going to London, except when some urgent business matter which can be transacted only personally compels the journey; and, the business transacted, I for one take the first train home and to my work. But this autumn I purposed going to London for the express and only purpose of seeing Mr. Austin Dobson; not because I supposed that by doing so I should be affording pleasure to him, but because I counted it a privilege to meet once more a poet and man of letters whose work I hold in the highest admiration, and for whom personally I entertain a feeling of deep gratitude and affectionate regard. The visit was never to be. On August 22 I received a letter from Mr. Cyril Dobson, one passage of which I transcribe: 'I know you will be sorry to hear of my father's long and serious illness, which began as far back as April. It is simply heart failure through old age. The doctors say that his heart is just worn out and the walls are very thin. For the last two months he has been so weak as to be unable even to turn in bed, and more than once the doctors did not expect him to live the night, but by God's grace he has rallied. For forty-eight hours it may be said that his heart did not beat

once of its own accord, but only by artificial means. He has, I am glad to say, suffered little, except extreme weakness, and his mind has been for the most part clear and alert, so much so that, touched by the care and devotion of those gathered around him, he actually dictated a charming little three-stanza poem, "To My Nurses."

In less than a fortnight I received news of the distinguished poet's death; he passed away peacefully, and conscious almost to the very end.

Readers who remember his poem, 'The Sundial,' may be interested to hear that it had its origin in the fact that, many years ago, Mr. Austin Dobson erected in his garden a sundial, made from one of the columns taken out of Old Kew Bridge. By his wish the sundial will be placed over his grave. Here are the first two verses of the poem:

'Tis an old sundial, dark with many a stain :
In summer crowned with drifting orchard bloom.
Tricked in the autumn with the yellow rain,
And white in winter like a marble tomb.

And round about its grey, time-eaten brow
Lean letters speak—a worn and shattered row :
I am a Shade : a Shadow, too, art thou :
I mark the Time : saye, Gossip, dost thou see ?

To what I have written of Austin Dobson's generosity and greatness of heart, and of the kindness he accorded to a young writer, I will add only what James Payn says in his *Literary Recollections*: 'My experience of men of letters is that for kindness of heart they have no equal. I contrast their behaviour to the young and struggling with the harshness of the lawyer, the hardness of the man of business, the contempt of the man of the world, and am proud to belong to their calling.'

COULSON KERNAHAN.

ART AMONG THE CAVE-MEN

WHEN our Western world began to come into contact with what we call the lower races of mankind, it set itself to use them as a new and valuable species of beast of burden. Prejudice against slavery as a contemporary institution was slow to rise. The civilized nations rivalled one another in their zeal for the new and profitable trade; and if we English declaimed against our own enemies, it was not because they did what we would never have dreamt of doing, but because they had done it first and threatened to prevent us following their example.

But the black races exacted a curious revenge. Exploited and tortured by the demands of commerce, these poor victims of the contact of civilization captured the imagination of the philosophers. The very merchants who arranged in their counting-houses for the transport of so many shiploads of negroes from the jungle to the savannah, read in their libraries of the happy age 'when wild in woods the noble savage ran.' Those natural rights of men which they ignored when dealing with actual flesh and blood, they studied with admiration in fashionable books on the beginnings of society and the social contract. The dumb driven savage, could he have reflected on the movement of thought and the rise of theories, might have discovered that but for him and the children of his fathers, the mighty speculations that heralded the French Revolution and the rise of modern Europe would perhaps have remained as ineffectual as his own tears.

It may be that in these days, in spite of all the industry of our anthropologists, we do not know much more of that mysterious country, the mind of the black man, than our grandfathers. But at all events we do not use the blackman's

social institutions as a stone to throw at ours. The views of the old traders, though somewhat modified by Exeter Hall and the Nonconformist conscience (stern influences, too lightly spoken of to-day), have more power than the theories of the mild-mannered but subversive eighteenth-century philosophers. We do not as a rule envy the savage either his customs, his system of government, or his superstitions. But occasionally we may wish ourselves back in a world of his simple and, as we are told, kindly and child-like activities. We regret the change which has given him, instead of the patriarchal rule of his ancestral kraal, the slums of a cosmopolitan colonial city, and instead of his home-brewed mead the heady liquors distilled for the export trade. And we may even ask ourselves whether, taking due account of the character of his surroundings, he is very much more lazy, or stupid, than ourselves.

It is probable that, the more we study intelligently the lower races (to use once more that question-begging term), so rapidly being transformed or destroyed by the unintelligent march of our commercial expansion, the more deeply we shall be convinced that God really has made of one blood all the nations of the earth, and that each race has some gift to contribute to the common possessions of humanity—some talent which the world can ill forgo, or some grace which we cannot despise. Some such talent, or grace (to confine ourself to one side of human life), may be found in the wide-spread love of beauty, of which the ethnological galleries in the British Museum are sufficient evidence.

To say this may raise a smile. It is possible that most visitors to that exhibition, however interesting they find it, see little in it to admire. This objection, however, is not to the point. Because I find no beauty in a design or a tune, I must not say that there was no beauty in it for the artist or the composer. And even if he actually approved it as little as I (which is not seldom the fate of the artist),

I must not say that there was no yearning for the beautiful which led him to take up whatever crude substitute for a pencil or a violin he might possess. It is not the achievement, it is the desire to achieve, which marks the man. And the complaint which may be made of our own civilization is not that we produce so little that is beautiful, but that the desire to produce is so rare.

A different question is raised when, as occasionally happens, the savage produces something that compels more than a condescending approval from us. Let us consider, for instance, the well-known rock drawings of the now almost extinct Bushmen. It has been common to regard these tiny but perverse creatures as the lowest of the human race, little better than the beasts that perish. Hardly able to count, to cook their food, or to form the plural of their nouns, how, their neighbours have asked, could they be expected to have a soul? Whether the Bushman had a soul or not, he had a strict if not a high code of morals; if he was cruel, it was because he had suffered cruelly; and his skill in hunting would fill European sportsmen with admiration. But the point that interests us at the moment is that he could not only kill animals, but draw them. On the rocks of Cape Colony, the Drakensberg, and Mashonaland, he has left figures of beast and man which surprise us as much by the sense of movement they suggest as by their 'tactile values' and the accuracy of their delineation.

Involuntarily the mind travels back to the forgotten world of these departed artists. However hard the conditions of their life (and if they were not more fortunate than their descendants, their existence must have been one of permanent semi-starvation), there was certainly sufficient leisure from the toils of the chase and the raid, both for them and presumably for their 'public,' to allow of long days in the open-air studios. There must have been something of a tradition—a school, or *Scuola*, as students would say; and the remains of that tradition can be clearly and rather pathetically

seen in the illustrations in Dr. W. H. I. Bleek's book on *Bushman Folklore*.

There must have been something else ; a motive for taking the trouble to make these pictures, needing not only time, but also some considerable ingenuity in the preparation of the colours and the tools. Was it that in his untutored ignorance the artist had the real artistic impulse ? Was there actually an artistic public, as there was in ancient Athens or mediaeval Venice ? Or was there some more mysterious belief, which made the artist think that he could assist the hunter, or even, by these masterpieces of his, serve such gods as he had come to worship ?

Such a suggestion might never have occurred as the result of examining the Bushman drawings by themselves. But the anthropologist, as often happens, finds his researches illuminated by the archaeologist ; and the cave-men who perished twenty-five thousand years ago provide a commentary for the cave-men whose last representatives are living to-day. The last sixty or seventy years have thrown a steadily increasing light on the discoveries of pre-neolithic man first made at Paviland in Gower, and Kent's Cavern near Torquay, in 1822 and 1825. The period in which this race lived is known as the later palaeolithic, and is divided by archaeologists into the Aurignacian, the Solutrian, and the Magdalenian, from the localities where the first or most striking remains were actually found.

Aurignac is a village in the Haute Garonne, north of the Pyrenees. Near it is the cave which first convinced investigators that we could get on the track of men older than the neolithic period. When the débris at the entrance to this cave was cleared away, an upright slab of stone was found, behind which lay the skeletons of seventeen neolithic men ; but beneath these were traces of habitation by an older stock, including fragments of human bones. Further discoveries at Cromagnon, in the Dordogne valley, revealed the remains of four skeletons belonging to the same period,

which gave us the actual measurements of the skulls and bodies of these venerable beings. This was in 1868, and since then specimens of the Aurignacian culture, as it is called, have been collected from all over Western Europe.

The race was evidently well built and strong, like the tall Sikhs of the Punjaub, as Mr. Arthur Keith says; and attempts have been made to describe the conditions of their life. These, however, must be taken with caution (the latest of them will be found in Mr. O. G. S. Crawford's *Man and his Past*); for while the bones he gnawed and scratched and carved and the walls he used for his canvases have remained, other less enduring but no less important articles, which he may have used, have perished. The argument from silence is as dangerous in archaeology as elsewhere.

Still, what we have constitutes a very valuable mass of material, not least for those who are interested in the beginnings of art. On this, the artistic side, the Aurignacian man and his successors can best be studied in a learned Austrian work, *The Early History of Pictorial Art in Europe*, by M. Hoernes, published in 1915. Hunters of the bison and the cave-bear, they lived after the end of the last glacial period, when the face of large tracts of Europe, not yet covered by forests, stretched in endless steppes. Mr. H. G. Wells, in his vivid sketch in the *Outline of History*, has, with others, used the term 'reindeer men' to describe men who were more familiar with the reindeer than the horse. They were content, or they were compelled, perhaps for many thousands of years, to live, like the bear, in caves. In these caves they have left, along with their own bones and the bones of the animals they fed on, their implements and the little clay and mud figures which for some reason delighted them. On the walls they have left the larger products of their genius; and works of both these classes of art (we hope the term will not be regarded as too flattering; perhaps with their antecedents and materials we could

have accomplished little more, and might have been proud of a good deal less) are now sufficiently numerous to suggest a number of interesting questions, and the possibility of some sort of answer.

On the whole, the painter seems to have preferred animals as his subject; cow, horse, bison, bear, pig, mammoth, and reindeer are common. Not infrequently he would grow tired before his work was done, leaving a mere sketch, a 'study' as we might say, for a particular part of an animal. But the figures, whether sketched or elaborated, are nearly always full of feeling, alike in motion and in repose; they show a distinctly more powerful grasp of the essentials of a living animal, and a far keener study of its 'points,' than, for example, many of the figures in the paintings of the earlier Italian masters. Occasionally, as in a polychrome fresco from Altamira, in Northern Spain, the artist has set himself the distinctly difficult task of representing a rare and complicated attitude, which, one would suppose, his wild 'model' would be unwilling for him to observe for any length of time.

He was hardly as interested in the human body, but he did not despise it as a subject; and at least in one case he allowed his fancy to represent a group of men and women as sheer grotesques, with something of the ingenious caprice of the mediaeval inventor of gargoyles. On the other hand, his brother, the artist in clay and mud, was oftener attracted to men and women. These cannot be called beautiful, and in the case of the women, who appear oftener than the men, the characteristics of the female form are exaggerated with a blunt clumsiness which reminds us of the Amorite statuettes found in Palestine. It has been said that children start by 'drawing Assyrian'; perhaps it would be truer to say that Assyrians, and other races, start by drawing like children. Whether this is so or not (and Hoernes at least deprecates any psychological theory on the subject), children and the artists of early ages, in

more continents than one, are alike in reaching much more success with animals than with men.

Another point is worthy of notice. The drawings are nearly all in profile; it was a long time before the painter forced himself to the task which the sculptor could not avoid, of looking his subject full in the face. But the Aurignacian artist never learnt to group his subjects. Every animal he draws lives in a world, so to speak, of its own. Running, standing, or lying down, it is apparently unconscious of any other creature. As Hoernes puts it, the artist had learnt a wide vocabulary, but he had not the glimmerings of syntax. Generation after generation, for thousands of years, reached the same general level of excellence in the same restricted field; not one produced an artist with a really original idea. In some instances the animals are crowded together on the same surface, or, so to say, canvas; they are never combined.

What is most surprising, however, is the position of the 'canvases' themselves. The pictures were not painted where all could see them and admire, as a statue of Praxiteles might be set up in the centre of a market-place, or a fresco of Apelles on the wall of a colonnade. They were generally hidden so far within the cave that scarcely by torch-light could they be seen. Unless we are to suppose that the artist made his living by his art, and would only admit spectators and supply them with the necessary torches as spectators are admitted to a London gallery, it would seem that he did not want a public. This question, which appears to make our previous question about his motive more difficult, has been held to supply a ready answer. His reasons were not aesthetic, or commercial, but magical.

In the present position of the study of ancient peoples, such an answer falls on ready ears. We are rather disposed to attribute most savage activities to magic, and even to think that both religion and the chief social customs of

antiquity sprang from the same fertile soil. What could be more plausible? The primitive man, like the majority of his remote descendants, is chiefly occupied with the problem of the provision of food, for himself and his family. But he is painfully aware that he knows very little of the way to ensure a plentiful supply, either of crops or of wild animals. On the other hand, what he cannot do by hard work (for his hardest efforts are often doomed to disappointment) he may be able to do, and several times at least seems to have done, by charms and spells.

Charms and spells are of many kinds. Some of the most familiar are based on what we must surely call a very natural idea that by imitating a process we can put it into independent operation. For instance, we may be badly in need of rain. What can we do better than scatter drops of water solemnly over our garden plot, so that the same process, on the needed scale, may be induced in the sky? Or if we desire our enemy to pine away and die, it is an excellent plan, as readers of Thomas Hardy may remember, to make a little wax image of him and let it melt away before the fire.

Similarly, if we, talking over by our cave-fires the prospects of next season's food-supply, desire a plentiful provision of bisons and mammoths to hunt and kill, what are we to do? We cannot breed or preserve them. But we can produce them in considerable quantities on the cave walls; indeed, the only limits are set by the wall space and the patience and industry of our artists. Or the magical impulse may have taken a different shape. There is plenty of evidence that these pioneers in domestic economy thought of the animals in their neighbourhood, not simply as victims, but as friends, or at any rate as individuals to be treated with respect and even veneration. The most striking example of operations to ensure the multiplication of a species regarded at once as friendly and useful is the Australian *intichiuma* ceremony, where the tribe does not

draw the creatures it wants to multiply, but dresses up like them and imitates them in various ways, comical or even disgusting enough to us, but perfectly serious to them. It may be that the same ceremony (whether its object was really understood or not) underlay that weird proceeding which Ezekiel saw in one of the Temple courts (viii. 10ff.).

This suggestion will at all events explain the difficulty of the site generally chosen for the primitive picture gallery. If the drawings are not meant to excite the admiration of men, but to work on the dread spirits of the animal world, there is of course no need of the light of day, or even of the torches of the night. So long as the artist can see to do his work, the more retired the spot the better. The Australian always chose a lonely place for his *intichiuma*, or placed it under a taboo for all who had no connexion with the solemn work (*procul o procul este profani!*). The seventy elders whom Ezekiel watched desired, it would seem, no spectators. It was something of a 'mystery,' for which the eyes of the initiated alone were fit.

The suggestion will explain another difficulty. Those who look upon evolution from the Darwinian standpoint regard all variations as being originally more or less minute, and only persisting because, even when minute and undeveloped, they prove of some value to the organism or the race in which they occur. Thus we may suppose that laughter began with the coarse derision of a fallen and helpless foe. The man who laughed most was presumably the man who would be likely to live longest. When gradually fixed in the conquering race, the new trait had opportunity to produce its more delicate varieties.

But it has long been felt difficult to account for the rise of music or the other arts in this way. To the Spartan, who moved into battle with courage all the higher because of the martial strains of Tyrtæus which led him thither, or the Florentine, filled with pride in the art treasures of his city as he armed himself against Pisa or Milan, art had

doubtless a survival value. But this can hardly be said of the first faint scratchings or the erratic whispers or drones with which painting and music must be supposed by the orthodox Darwinian to have begun. On the other hand, if what we now call art was simply the handmaid of magic, we need not be distressed by the clumsiness of its initial stages. For the scrawls and daubs that could arouse no combative emotion, even in the simplest savage breast, could yet be trusted to move the divine powers; since divinity, as all early religion holds, is conservative rather than aesthetically susceptible, and is more quickly influenced by what is correct and traditional than by what is beautiful and new. Let us once be allowed to assume this connexion between the desire for food, or the desire to be on good terms with food-producing stocks, and the solemn repetition of certain sounds or figures, and we can leave to the process of time the task of refining those sounds and figures into the delicate imaginings of a Beethoven or a Raphael; and it would follow, to quote the words of the Rev. H. J. Dukinfield Astley, in the *Hibbert Journal* (April, 1920), that 'the origin of art is to be found in magic pure and simple, and coincident with the totemistic system as the basis of social arrangements.'

Such a view, however, in reality raises more difficulties than it solves. In the first place, no clear analogies have been discovered between magic and such drawings as these. It is far from certain whether what we call totemism is to be found outside North America and Australia; and the initiations to which totemism gives rise consist rather in dressing up and dancing than in artistic reproduction. A species is danced and not limned into the desired fertility. Further, if the cave artists were devoted to the totems of their clan, we should have expected to find one or else at most a very few species represented in any one place; whereas we find most of the animals then known. The pantheon of the troglodyte painter must have been remarkably

hospitable or syncretistic. It is hard to believe that when the savage, who had his own life to preserve with his ineffective weapons as well as to destroy the lives of other beings, thought of the cave-bear and the mammoth, his prayer would have been a kind of 'heaven send more of them!'

Moreover, the characteristic that has to be explained in these drawings is not their poverty but their comparative excellence. Now, magic is not the friend of art, but the foe. The argument noticed just now that for a charm or spell any scrawl or drone is good enough if only it is correctly reproduced, proves too much. If art were nothing more in its origin than a means of coercing the powers controlling the world, the stage of scrawl and drone would never be left behind. That is clear from the very necessity for correct reproduction. If the painter or the singer fixes his mind, in order to ensure the success of his production, on the avoidance of whatever might make his toil useless, he will have no energy left for the cultivation of the divine fire. But while tradition was certainly strong in troglodyte art, that art cannot properly be called conventional. It never occurred to the Aurignacian artist to go beyond his predecessors and draw the bison chased by the hunter or the bear attacking its foe; but it would appear that he hardly ever set himself merely to repeat either his predecessor or himself. Whether he is sketching with a sort of Phil May rapidity, or working with care and earnestness, he observes, experiments, works 'on his own.' The territory is narrow; but within it he is a free man.

Now this is just what the servant of magic is not. Societies that have cared much about magic or the magical interpretation of religion are not artistic. We can see this when we think of the Semitic nations of Western Asia. The art of Babylon and Assyria was only born when the desire sprang up to reproduce what had been actually seen and enjoyed. All the 'molten' and 'graven' figures that the soil of Palestine

has furnished to the zeal of the archaeologists are utterly devoid of beauty, because their object, as far as we know, was purely religious. The best art of Greece was the art of men, and of a period which, in the matter of statues and paintings, sat but lightly to religion; and the objects which religious zeal continued to cherish, like the black stone at Ephesus which thousands flocked to adore as Artemis the Great, had no artistic merit whatever, and were thought to be none the worse for that reason.

At the risk of seeming paradoxical, and even irreverent, something similar must be said of Christianity. To construct statues and pictures solely as a means for securing blessings from heaven is to say farewell to art. We neither find nor expect any real beauty in the ikon which is hung up, with its tiny candle burning before it, in the hut of the Macedonian peasant, or on the screen of some ambitious Russian church. Nor do we look for it in the waxen Madonna, bedizened with its gold or tinsel, and hung all over with the votive offerings of the faithful, like a shrub on some parched Syrian hillside which can be seen

With scarlet patches tagg'd and shreds of grey.

The great period of Christian art was the period in which creative workers did not expect, by the labours of their hands, to bind the powers of heaven to fulfil their desires; they gained their triumphs when they sought to glorify God, or even (it must be confessed) when, forgetting God, they used their own skill to preserve on wood or canvas, or in stone or bronze, the glory that they had seen with their eyes and felt in their hearts, and make it a joy for ever;

Each face obedient to its passion's law,
Each passion clear proclaimed without a tongue.

True, this zeal to reproduce, not the work of some predecessor, but the artist's impression of the movement, vividness, and beauty of the world, may fasten upon some

alien object or aim. Otherwise all decorative art, for instance, would be impossible. But the artist is no more the craftsman than he is the magician. The craftsman has to make his knife sharp and firm, or his bowl strong and capacious—useful, in a word. The artist, as such, does not care about utility; he wants to make the knife or bowl beautiful, and he entwines it with roses or flings across it a hunt or a battle-scene. The knife would cut and the bowl would pour just as well without either rose or hunt. Happily few things that are really useful and strong are ever wholly devoid of beauty. That is why we can admire some entirely undecorated building. But to the Greek vase-painter the glazed surface of his pot was what the wall of his cave was to the troglodyte painter of bisons, or the wall of a church to the mediaeval worker in distemper—a space given to him for the perpetuating of the vision of the glory of the world.

If we overlook this we fail to understand the real utility of art. For utility there is. It does not consist in increasing the usefulness of a cup or a sword, any more than a stained glass window is meant to let more light through than a plain one. It is the higher utility (if we may employ the word thus) that quickens the sense, that makes us 'feel our life in every limb,' and fires us with the *vivida vis animi*. If we were to say that this is the utility alike of the Aurignacian drawings and of the Ninth Symphony, probably Beethoven would be the first to forgive us. Artists know each other's language.

One final word. The hasty reader might conclude from what has been said that art and religion had nothing to do with one another. Nothing could be farther from the truth. With religion, as it has been commonly understood, the less commerce that art can have the better. If religion is to be taken as a means for bribing or coaxing or wheedling or forcing Heaven into giving us or doing for us what we want, religion and art will be at daggers drawn. But such

a religion, even though it might describe much that passes for the faith of people who consider themselves Christians, is the first cousin (even if no nearer relation) of magic. Whatever the student of religion may say, the lover of art will rejoice that the second commandment in the Decalogue forbade the making of images. For in a period when to make an image was to devise a means for securing one's own comfort or getting the better of one's foes, it was bound to have the worst results for art. If the Hebrews had paid less attention to that command than they did, the results of Palestinian excavations would have been, artistically, still more painful than they are.

Religion, however, means something else than this. It means receiving from God what He has to give, and giving to Him what He desires to receive. And since He has created the whole world of beauty, and has intended it (as who could deny ?) to be a thing of joy, to us as to Himself, the delight in that beauty, and its reproduction and perpetuation, must be essentially religious. Beauty is like truth and courage and love ; it is not a means to something different from itself—prosperity here or heaven hereafter ; it is itself an end. Perhaps the Aurignacians, who viewed their bisons and mammoths with delight, and did their best to say so, were not far from the spirit of the saint who exclaimed, ' O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord ; praise Him and magnify Him for ever.'

W. F. LOFTHOUSE.

¹ The latest writer on the subject, M. C. Burkitt, in his *Pre-History*, is inclined to decide for the magical explanation ; but this is only on account of the sites of the paintings ; he hardly considers the arguments adduced in the text.

A GERMAN HISTORY OF METHODISM

THE Methodist Publishing House in Bremen is to be heartily congratulated on the issue of a handsome volume of nearly eight hundred pages, which fully justifies its title: '*A Compendious History of Methodism from its Origin to the Present Day.*' A well-informed and concise narrative of the history of British Methodism up to the death of Wesley is contributed by Bishop Nuelsen, and from that event to our own time by the Rev. Theophilus Mann. Bishop Nuelsen is also the author of the section dealing with the history of American Methodism, and of two excellent chapters, entitled respectively 'The Doctrines of Methodism' and 'The Ecclesiastical Significance of Methodism.' The Rev. J. J. Sommer is responsible for the closing section, in which he tells effectively the interesting story of the history of Methodism on the continent of Europe.

A distinguishing characteristic of Bishop Nuelsen's sketch of the rise and early progress of Methodism is his comparison of Wesley's relations to the Anglican Church with the attitude of the Lutheran clergy to the founders of Methodism in Germany. In both cases Methodism was misrepresented as a sect which seceded from the State Church on account of its peculiar doctrine of conversion, the pernicious effects of which were seen in excitement of the nerves resulting from emotional appeals to penitents. That this description of Methodist teaching concerning repentance is a caricature, when presented, not as an exceptional, but as the normal experience in conversion, is recognized by German scholars who, like Tholuck and Loofs, have gone to authentic sources

'*Kurzegefaste Geschichte des Methodismus von seinen Anfängen bis zur Gegenwart.* Von John L. Nuelsen, D.D., Theophil Mann und J. J. Sommer. Bremen: Verlag des Traktathauses.

for their information. As regards some other objections which Lutheran critics bring against Wesley and his work, Bishop Nuelsen pertinently remarks that Romanist critics, as e.g. Denifle and Janssen, bring the same objections against Luther and the Reformation. Hence the same methods of defence which Lutheran apologists employ to repel Roman Catholic assaults are available and equally effective when used by Methodists in reply to Lutherans. Amongst the favourable judgements of Methodism to which German theologians have given expression, the most striking is a quotation from an address delivered by Dr. Harnack in the University of Boston, U.S.A., in 1904: 'It is the richest in its experiences of saving grace, the most diligent in its activities, and the most fruitful in results of all Churches since the Reformation.'

In Part II the development of Methodism after the death of Wesley is clearly traced, but Mr. Mann rightly says that if his task had been to estimate in general the results of the Methodist Revival, it would have been necessary for him to include the Calvinistic Methodists, who were the first to become independent alike of Wesley and of the Established Church; the evangelical movement within the Church of England; and the Dissenting Churches, whose re-kindled enthusiasm was due to the same influence. Of the deepest interest to German readers will be the sketches of prominent leaders after Wesley's death, the account of the origin of other branches of Methodism, the story of the Forward Movement, &c. Through the intricacies of Methodist polity the author is generally a safe guide; but on p. 295 he states that *half* the vacancies in the Legal Hundred are filled up by voting after nomination in the open Conference, and that only ministers who have travelled at least ten years can vote. An illustration of the ignorance of Methodism, found even in standard works, is furnished by Ziegler, who, in his *History of Pedagogy*, states that 'Methodists in England and in America care only for the

education of the lower classes, but by establishing numerous schools for the poor they have rendered great service in the training and elementary education of the masses.' The reply to this strange assertion is a brief account of some of the notable contributions which Methodism has made towards higher education. In the chapter on 'The Missions of British Methodism' it is acknowledged that to-day, as throughout the nineteenth century, England and America are the leaders in foreign missionary enterprise, but a not unnecessary reminder is also given that this is not true of the eighteenth century, when the fire of missionary zeal glowed most ardently in Germany, and especially in the Moravian Church.

Bishop Nuelsen's admirable chapters on 'The History of American Methodism' furnish incontestable proof of the vitality of Methodism, and of its ability to adapt itself to new conditions. The first census of the United States was taken in 1790, and reported the population to be less than four millions. In 1850 it was more than twenty-eight millions of whites. The number of emigrants in the thirty years ending 1870 was more than five and a half millions. The problem of providing for the religious needs of the rapidly increasing population was rendered more difficult of solution by reason of the political situation. 'Owing to the intimate association with France during the War of Independence, French Latitudinarianism had rapidly spread in America. The Anglican Bishop Meade declared that in Virginia almost every educated young man was either a sceptic or an atheist. In the two leading Universities—Harvard and Yale—atheistic Students' Unions flourished. Contemporary historians bear unanimous testimony to the grossness of morals, the drunkenness, the unrestrained profanity, and the notorious godlessness which prevailed in the new settlements.' The organization of the older Churches, with their settled pastorates and their lengthy training of candidates for the ministry, was unable to grapple

with the new situation. 'Had the West been obliged to wait until a sufficient number of academically trained ministers were educated at the Eastern or European Universities and sent out in due course by the home Churches, the flood of unbelief and immorality would have swept over the whole of the new world.'

Then it was that Methodist preachers—for the most part men of the people, lacking the culture of the schools, but knowing by experience the redeeming love of God revealed in Christ, men with sharp eyes, tough muscles, warm hearts, and heroic faith—penetrated forests, swam across rivers, followed on horseback the colonists from settlement to settlement, never growing weary of praying and instructing the people, nor of preaching and singing the gospel. The entire system was elastic, at the outset adapting itself to new circumstances, and as the country developed evolving from primitive methods a richer and more stable organization in continual response to rapidly changing needs. As an illustration of adaptation to environment, Bishop Nuelsen gives examples of ministers, unable to marry on their small stipends, who became local preachers for the kingdom of God's sake, and rose to eminence in the State whilst zealously labouring to establish and build up Methodism. In 1784 the Methodist Church in America had 83 preachers and about 1,500 members; sixty years later there were 4,621 preachers and 1,171,000 members. To-day 'Methodism, as the most numerous Protestant denomination, is exerting an abiding influence on the religious, moral, and social life of the great American Republic.'

Impossible as it is to summarize the fascinating narrative of the manifold activities of American Methodism at home and abroad, reference must be made to the spread of Methodism among German-Americans. The first Methodist sermon in America was preached in 1766 by Philip Embury, an emigrant from Germany to New York via Ireland, where he was converted; his congregation consisted of four Germans

and a negress. Methodism in Germany is an illustration of the law of circularity which obtains in the spiritual world : 'Unto the place from which the rivers come, thither they return again.' Asbury and his colleagues preached to German colonists in barns and in the open air ; their sermons were translated into German, and some of their hearers became Methodist preachers. In 1808 Asbury published a German edition of 1,500 copies of *The Doctrine and Discipline of the Methodists*, and carried a supply in his saddle-bags.

Mr. Sommer truly says that Americans had more right to call Methodism an exotic than had Germans of a later day. Philip Embury and Barbara Heck were Germans from the Palatinate, whereas Methodism was introduced into Germany by good Germans—Wesleyan Methodism by Gottlieb Müller and Episcopal Methodism by Ludwig Jacoby, whose father in the gospel was that remarkable man, Dr. Wilhelm Nast. The career of Nast illuminates the history of German Methodism and the religious condition of the Fatherland at this period. Nast was the son of a Lutheran *Pfarrer*, and in his youth desired to become a missionary. But during his course at Tübingen University he came under the influence of Professor Baur and of D. F. Strauss, his fellow student ; such faith as he retained he himself describes as 'mystic Pantheism.' Having given up all thoughts of entering the ministry, Nast emigrated to New York and became private tutor to the children of a wealthy, educated widow, in whose house Methodist preachers held their meetings. Afterwards he was appointed Professor of German at the military academy at West Point ; a few years later he became Hebrew tutor at Gettysburg Lutheran seminary. At this time he was on trial for membership in the Methodist Church, and at the age of twenty-seven found peace and joy in believing. Nast began his work as a Methodist preacher among the Germans in Cincinnati, holding services in private dwellings, and, in spite of ridicule, distributing tracts at the entrance to

beer-gardens. When the need of a German Methodist journal was felt, Dr. Nast became its editor; his literary gifts enabled him also to render distinguished service as an author. Among his earliest converts was Ludwig Jacoby, who became the first representative of the Episcopal Methodist Church in Germany, opening his commission in Bremen in 1849.

Eighteen years before the arrival of Jacoby, Wesleyan Methodism had sent Gottlieb Müller, a German local preacher converted in London, to Winnenden to take charge of a society of eighty members, the fruit of Müller's preaching during a visit to his native town. It is noteworthy that the Methodist witness was first borne in a Moravian meeting held in the house of Müller's father. When Gottlieb 'gave his experience, every one was astonished. To have the assurance of the forgiveness of sins seemed at that time to be a new doctrine in Winnenden.' Soon after Müller's death a General Superintendent was sent out from England, Dr. Lyth, Rev. J. C. Barratt, and Rev. Edmund Rigg holding in succession this important position. In 1897 Methodism in Germany became one, the effect of the union being the transfer of 35 ministers and 2,500 members from Wesleyan Methodism to the Episcopal Methodist Church. A sign of the progress of the United Churches is the formation of two Conferences in Germany—North and South. In 1908 the North German Conference reported 1,315 more members than belonged to the German Conference before the division. Since 1893 the total membership had—in round figures—increased from 11,000 to 24,000.

'Methodism in Europe' means to Wesleyans our work in France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal. Under this heading in this history are included Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Bulgaria, and Russia. Concerning the introduction of Methodism into all these countries, and its subsequent spread, interesting information is supplied.

In 1893 the Methodist minister in Königsberg responded to an appeal from Kovno, a Russian town close to the German frontier. The appeal came from a little company of earnest Christians whose knowledge of Methodism, gained from the publications of the Bremen Book-room, had aroused in them a desire to join the Methodist Church. The visit of this minister called forth the opposition of Lutheran pastors, who drew the attention of the police to this 'dangerous sect.' A request for permission to hold religious services was sent to the Government, but was refused on the ground that the number of Methodists was too small.

A flank movement from Finland was more successful. Into this Russian province, which retained its own administration, Methodism was introduced in 1866 by two brothers, Barnlund by name, who were converted in New York on the Bethel Mission ship named the *John Wesley*. Fearing lest their successful evangelistic work should cease when they returned to America, they asked the Swedish Conference to appoint a minister, but the Conference was unable to do so. Three local preachers, however, set out on their own charges, and their voluntary pioneer work in Finland was owned of God. One of them, Carl Lindborg, found in Kristinestad a number of Barnlund's converts who had waited fifteen years for a preacher, and there in 1882 the first Methodist church in Finland was opened.

In 1885 Finland was made a separate District, and its Superintendent, Rev. B. A. Carlson, received in 1889 an invitation to visit St. Petersburg. At first monthly services were conducted in a private house, but it is significant that 'a Russian princess had requested Carlson to hold a preaching service in her residence.' In 1892 Bishop Joyce organized 'The Finland and St. Petersburg Mission,' its work involving the necessity of preaching in three or four languages. Ten years later Superintendent Carlson reports: 'We have preachers in our Mission who are married and have families,

yet they receive such a small stipend that they cannot afford to rent more than a single room. . . . In St. Petersburg a local preacher holds services regularly, but he earns his daily bread by the labour of his hands.' 1904 and 1905 were years of disastrous war and revolution and of sore trial for the little company of Methodists. In the latter year the Czar issued an edict granting religious freedom, and the report speaks of open doors for the preaching of the gospel to Russians, Finns, and Swedes in St. Petersburg and its vicinity. In 1907 Bishop Burt appointed to the Russian capital the Rev. H. Salmi, who was able to preach in Russian, Finnish, and Swedish. Visiting one of the villages, he learnt that, a year before, a godly man had died who for fourteen years had prayed for the coming of an evangelist. His two sons became the first Methodists and earnest workers in the Sunday school. Soon a revival began in this place, and spread to two adjoining villages. 'The people gave up their *vodka* and their vicious habits. Ere long they gave a site, and offered to help in the erection of a school and chapel.' It was, however, in a town near Kovno that the first Methodist church in Russia was consecrated in 1909 by Bishop Burt. With great energy, self-sacrifice, and enthusiasm the work in Russia was begun; financial support was generously given by American Methodists.

Bishop Nuelsen quotes the judgement of historians that Wesley and his fellow workers saved England when France was experiencing the horrors of Revolution. His hope is that 'in these days of agitation, overturning, and threatening revolution' Methodism may again prove itself a reconciling and uniting force amongst the nations. 'The Methodist societies scattered over the whole world furnish posts of vantage to which once more may be fastened the several threads of fellowship between Christians who are subjects of nations that have been separated by the war.'

J. G. TASKER.

SAINTS OF THE EAST AND WEST

A COMPARISON OF CELTIC AND EGYPTIAN MONASTICISM

IT is a far cry from the arid sands of Nitria and the Thebaid to the green hills and valleys of Ireland, Wales, and Cornwall. Seete, Cellia, and Tabennisi, the homes of the Egyptian monachism of the fourth and fifth centuries, have outwardly little in common with Bangor, Iscoed, Mynyw, Llancarvan, Landévennec, or the Isle of Aran, and such centres of monastic life in the utmost west, beyond the sweep of Roman domination. But there was much similarity as well as much difference in these widely-parted expressions of the spirit of Christianity in the early centuries.

To what extent, or if at all, the organizing of religion on a monastic model, in the Celtic world, and the prominence in it of pronounced ascetic ideals, was dependent on or an imitation of the lives of the Fathers of the Desert in their coenobitic communities is an interesting problem. But it is one that can hardly be solved. St. Anthony, the founder of Christian monasticism, began to gather solitary monks around him at the opening of the fourth century; Pachomius founded his coenobium before the year 320. The movement spread like fire. In a few years monks and hermits were numbered by thousands, and monasteries were introduced into Palestine. Economic, social, and ecclesiastical conditions ministered to the attraction of a movement which expressed the side of Christianity that the Eastern world best understood—an absolute surrender of the individual, and a complete separation from the activities of ordinary human life. The world was like the troubled water in a basin; the monastery, said the monk, was like the same water calm and unstirred. 'Thus it is

with the man that dwelleth with men, for by reason of the disturbance caused by this affair of the world he cannot see his sins ; but, if he live in the peace and quietness of the desert, he is able to see God clearly.' There is evidence, as well as a strong presumption, that British Christians visited the holy places when the Lady Melania exercised her bountiful hospitality to strangers at her house on the Mount of Olives late in the fourth century. Western imagination must have been kindled by spectacles of asceticism on a grand scale, and stories such as Palladius told must have been the chit-chat of every band of pilgrims. It is probable that features of Eastern monasticism were assimilated by the hermits of Britain, and by the communities established by the Welsh saints. But the extent of any direct influence it would be precarious to venture to determine.

The essential difference between the East and the West, the Egyptian and the Celt, was that in the monachism of Egypt we see a remarkable severance from, and a complete denial of, the ideals of a Church that was definitely undertaking, at the cost of the deterioration of its own spirit, to leaven the world, while Celtic monasticism was itself the natural form in which the religion of the race as a whole expressed itself. There was in the eyes of St. Patrick, St. Columba, St. Cadoc, or St. Illtud no great Church of the court and market-place from which they fled into self-contained communities, where a purer communion with God could be realized. The *Lan*, or monastic settlement, in the absence of territorial episcopal organization, was itself the Church of the race, and all the activities of the Church radiated from it. This completely altered the character of the monasticism. It made the Celtic monk more human, more in touch with the society of his time, more open to the impressions of beauty and kindliness in the world, which keep the heart mild and gentle.

But before attempting to compare the two, or to look

at the one against the background of the other, it must be remembered that we know the monachism of the East far better than that of our own islands. There are no accounts of the Celtic monks so trustworthy, and so contemporary, as the *Lausiac History of Palladius* or Ânân-Îshô's *Redaction of the Book of Paradise*, and the other documents translated by Mr. Wallis Budge. These are actual transcripts of things seen, and they confront us in all their stark and crude reality; the Fathers of the Desert walk before us through the pages. We know their simple solution of the riddles of life, their struggles with the unseen, their mystical grasp on God, as well as the grotesque side of their desert life.

But for the most part we only know the life of the Celtic monk through the haze of a mediaeval *Life*. Truth has to be disentangled arduously and precariously from irrelevant additions of monkish conventional piety. In the *Confessio* of St. Patrick we have a contemporary writing; in the life of St. Sampson probably a seventh-century document; but such windows into the world of the early Celtic Church are few. 'In some cases,' writes an expert hagiologist, 'the lives of the saints, as presented by their authors, possess real historical value. Those of Sampson, Paul Aurelian, Winwaloe, Tutwal, and Malo (Machutus) fall within this category.' This is but a small provision of the authentic, so that for the most part we know the Celtic Church but vaguely, and the exponents of its ideals speak to us in the language of a later ecclesiasticism.

The extravagant dualism of the holy men of Egypt, who in some instances gave up wearing clothes, ate only the grass that grew in some oasis, and purposely fixed their retreat in places where water could only be obtained with difficulty, finds no parallel in what we know of the Celtic saints. They were hermits, it is true, for some part of their lives, but the constant reappearance of the greatest

¹ T. Taylor, *Celtic Christianity of Cornwall*, p. 97.

of them in new scenes of active labour seems to imply that their retirement to solitary places was of the nature of a temporary retreat. Or the hermit's cell gathered round it the cells of many disciples, and a monastery was established and land granted to sustain it. As the monastery developed, its ideals were widely different from those of the ascetic communities of Nitria. Tradition—and there must be some historical reality behind tradition—represents Cadoc, the founder of Llancarvan, somewhat in the character of a feudal lord surrounded by a large retinue of dependants. Ireland, the 'isle of the saints,' was the centre of culture in the years of the break-up of the Empire; its monasteries were homes of learning, and students flocked to its teachers. So Bangor, Llantwit Major, and Llancarvan had students by thousands. Not only Latin but Greek was studied. Not only ecclesiastical books were read, but the Roman poets. St. Cadoc is said, on the invasion of the Saxons, to have fled from Wales to an island in the Morbihan still called after him. Here his zeal for education induced him to build a causeway to the mainland, along which the children could come to him to be taught. It was here that he discussed with the monk Gildas the fate of his favourite Virgil, and vowed that he would neither eat nor drink 'until God revealed to him what fate had been allotted to one who sang upon earth as the angels sing in heaven.' Then he dreamed of a soft voice, which said, 'Pray for me, pray for me. Never weary of praying. I shall yet sing eternally the mercy of the Lord.' Now such a story may not be historically true, but it depicts an attitude towards the pagan culture of the past that was certainly not the invention of an age that had no reason to invent it. The Celtic saint tended to include rather than to exclude the delights of learning, and the charm of poetry, and such science as in that age was open to him among the treasures that the cloister would afford him.

Now in the *Lausiac History of Palladius*, though its

heroes are on the fringe of a world of almost unexampled ecclesiastical culture and mental activity, we find few allusions to books. Evagrius the deacon, indeed, after being involved in a love affair at Constantinople, where he was a noted controversialist, carried his intellectual energies with him to Cellia, where for fourteen years 'he used to eat a pound of bread and in three months a pint of oil, though he was a man who had come from a luxurious and refined and voluptuous life.'¹ Here he composed his *Antirrhetica*. It was 'a holy book for monks, in which he taught the arts to be used against demons.' But it is said by Socrates² to contain the remarkable answer of Evagrius to the messenger who brought him the news of his father's death: 'Cease blaspheming, for my father is immortal.' The great Macarius, again, wrote homilies, whose authorship can hardly be doubted, that contain passages of great beauty.

Silvania, sister-in-law of Rufinus, who accompanied Palladius from Jerusalem to Egypt, was not a nun, but a mere visitor to the holy places. Her asceticism was in tune with the worst ideals of the Thebaid. It scandalized her that even other people should wash their hands and feet. But she was a great student. 'She turned night into day by perusing every line of the ancient commentators, including 3,000,000 lines of Origen, and 2,500,000 lines of Gregory, Stephen, Pierius, Basil, and other standard writers. Nor did she read them once only and casually, but she laboriously went through each book seven or eight times.'³ Her culture probably did not secure her a welcome in the desert, for we are told that Abba Serapion, the Bishop, found that one of the brethren had a bookshelf in his cell, and told him 'that he had taken that which belongeth to the widows and the orphans, and laid it up in a hole in the wall,' and that another on the advice of Macarius sold the three books,

¹ *Lausiac History*, p. 136.

² Soc. iv. 23.

³ *Lausiac History*, p. 160.

which he used to read himself and lend to the brothers; thus his small circulating library was sacrificed for the sake of the poor and the principle of absolute poverty.¹

Then, again, the Celtic saint was a missionary, and until he finally settled as abbot of some monastery he wandered from place to place, sowing the seed of the future Church. Cornwall was the pathway between Brittany and the Celtic Christianity of Ireland and Wales. The Severn gave St. Patrick to Ireland, and Ireland gave St. Columba to Scotland; Iona in turn sent St. Aidan to Northumbria. There was constant movement and interchange. If the British immigrants who founded Armorica carried with them their religion into a pagan land, their saintly men returned and revitalized the Church of the homeland, or, as is probable in the case of St. Ronan, co-operated in the evangelization of the North of Scotland. The key to much that is uncertain in the wanderings of saints, usually represented as belonging to ruling families, like those of Brychan or Cunedda, may lie in the tribal character of Celtic expansion; a tribe that had adopted Christianity, vigorous and increasing, had to throw off swarms or colonies into districts at a distance, where the inhabitants were sparse and weak. They would carry their priests with them, and establish their *Lan* or religious centre, side by side with the tribal centre, or *plou*. The saint or ecclesiastical chief, of the same family as the tribal head, would use this centre as a seat of missionary influence in the neighbourhood acquired. Such quite natural historical events probably explain the extraordinarily sudden rise and continuous growth of the Celtic foundations, as their story is told by later chroniclers who had lost sight of the tribal character of Celtic organization. In such a monasticism, intimately associated with the migrations of tribes, and bound up with the political life of the time, it is obvious that we have a striking

¹ Budge, *The Sayings of the Holy Father*, II. 35.

contrast to a monachism, which had cut itself off from all worldly bonds, dedicated itself to a religious individualism, and which found no place in its scheme for extending the borders of the kingdom of Christ. It would be untrue to say that there was no missionary activity that sprang from the coenobia of Egypt, but the spirit of religious expansion in the Celtic saints was universal, and the later age of the writers of their lives was certainly correct in regarding them as great founders of new centres of Christianity, unwearied travellers constantly pressing forward and Christianizing the West by means of monasticism. Here, then, we have a profound cleavage between the ideals of the Egyptian and the Celt.

If we think of the inner life of the Eastern and the Western we again find profound differences. The Eastern in his solitary cell fought a continuous battle with the lusts of the flesh. A solitary life was the worst possible discipline for these men, who often took refuge in the desert to escape from themselves. 'What shall I do,' asked a brother, 'with the impure and wicked thoughts which force their way into me?' And an old Father answered, 'Why dost thou not make thyself like a fountain which is never dry? Persistence is victory, and victory is constancy, and constancy is life, and life is kingdom, and kingdom is God.' Alas! a little psychology would have taught the impossibility of that solitary fountain keeping up its supply of pure water while out of touch with good human influences. The section of *The Sayings of the Holy Fathers* which deals with those intimate problems in their crude reality is painful reading. We do not connect this sort of struggle to any large extent with the genial and human monks of the West. It is possibly largely a matter of race and temper. The Celt is naturally pure, and his mind is too much occupied with impressions of beauty from the world outside, and too well stored with an immemorial folk-lore of absorbing interest, for sensual thoughts to find an easy entrance.

He may sin from sudden impulse, but he has not the consciousness that broods perpetually over incitements to sin.

The inner experience of the Eastern, moreover, was dominated by the realization of a world of evil spirits that constantly beset him. To the diseased imagination of the solitary monk Satan and his minions materialized themselves at every turn. He was often more conscious of evil than of good. There is much of such aberration, of course, in Western hagiology, but the Celt in his conflict with the devil rides forth like a champion at a tournament, convinced that he will lay his opponent low. He is not obsessed by the idea of evil, and there are even touches of humour that mitigate the severity of the struggle with evil spirits. The child in the Celt could not be obsessed; his imagination, his fullness of soul, his humour, helped him.

The Macarius of Cellia whom Palladius knew for three years once made a journey to the tomb of Jannes and Jambres, 'magicians who had great power long ago with Pharaoh.' He steered across the desert by the stars, and set up reeds on the way for mile-posts to help him to get back. As he slept near the tomb on the ninth night he reported that a demon collected the reeds and put them at his head; then seventy demons came, 'shouting, and fluttering like crows against his face,' and reviled him. However, he went into the tomb, and only found a brazen jar suspended, a rusty chain, and some dry pomegranates. He saw a mirage of a lady bearing a cruse of water, which led him on as he made his way back, and only saved himself from dying of thirst by sucking the udder of an antelope who joined him. This last bit of the story is quite Celtic, but a Welsh monk would have seen something better than the demon-crows at such a haunted place.

Let us contrast with this a story of St. Collen, the patron of Llangollen and Colan, in Cornwall. While he lived on

Glastonbury Tor he was conducted one day by an urgent messenger to the court of Gwyn ab Nudd, King of Annwyn, or the underworld. There he found a glorious castle full of musicians, soldiers, courtiers, and fair ladies. The King, on his golden throne, invited him to partake of a luxurious feast. 'I will not eat of the leaves of the trees,' said Collen wisely, and sprinkled the holy water which he had providently brought with him on the knights and maidens in their red and gold attire, and lo! they vanished, leaving only the green hillocks. Whether Collen told the parable himself or a later admirer tacked the bit of folklore on to his name, we can have little doubt that it was the kind of representation of the unseen world of illusion and evil that he himself would have revelled in. Thus Celtic Christianity adopted into its system the fairyland of its race, and could honestly see even evil itself in forms of beauty. The spirit-world came apparelled in robes of charm and mystery; it was associated with a universe of fairy-story that was the immemorial possession of the Celtic mind.

For a picture real and living of the soul of the British saint read St. Patrick's *Confessio*. It is a personal document. It pours out the simplest conviction of a Christian called by God out of darkness into light. It is full of an intense and wondering humility, a glowing faith, the sincerest pastoral care, and a sober joy in good work done. The *Confessio* speaks for the inner spirit of the Celtic Church, and there is scarcely a phrase in it that grates upon the sensitive ear of a Christian of any age or any grade of education. Compared with it the words of the Fathers of the Desert are voices astray in the dark. In their individualism, their obsessions, their preoccupations with the culture of their own souls, and their separation from the real discipline of life, we can see that they were on the wrong road. To a great extent they lost the life they eagerly sought to save. It is true that God made of their mistakes a beacon to an

endangered Church. But from the faith of the Celt He nurtured fuller and more enduring fruit—a widespread human harvest of devoted souls in the islands of the West.

Outwardly the East and the West built up their Christianity on the same monastic basis. Both had their anchorites, their monasteries, their abbots, their fasts, their inner struggles, their dominant interest in the world of the spirit. But something in racial conditions, something in the balance of mental outlook, something in political organization, something sane, simple, childlike, a presiding consciousness of responsibility for spreading far and wide the treasure acquired by the individual, saved the Celt, and made monasticism his instrument and not his tyrant.

The homes of the Western saints are sacred to-day, their names are part of the heritage of national life, their holy wells bubble still in green fields and village streets, their relics, but for the accidents of history, would still be treasured in all their sacred shrines, and their influence—who could estimate the power of the spirit of Patrick or Columba? The Egyptian Fathers have left no holy wells or sacred places; their names are only known to students of Church history. Arsenius, Macarius, and Pambo have not entered into the life-blood of any race, or laid the foundation of any living Church. Their lives have the interest of all sincere Christian expression, their sayings the value of all spiritual reality, but the story of their aberrations is but a by-path in the march of the manifestation of the Christian spirit, 'By their fruits shall ye know them.'

W. J. FERRAR.

A GREAT HINDU REFORMER

THE casual student of Hinduism, when first he tries to make his way through that apparently roadless jungle, meets in passing with a name that probably impresses him only for the moment—the name of Ramananda. From a line, or perhaps a paragraph, in his textbook, he gathers that he was a reformer of some kind, though what or whom he reformed is not very clear, and amid the mass of beliefs and legends and confusing systems of thought there appears no very strong reason why he should delay long. But as he comes to know his subject better, and still more as he is brought into living contact with Hinduism as it is to-day, he begins to realize that this inconspicuous name covers a real personality whose influence was and is very potent, and has played a great part in moulding men's beliefs ever since.

According to popular tradition, Ramananda was born at Allahabad in 1299 A.D. of a Brahman family. He displayed early promise, and at twelve years of age, having learnt all that was to be known in his own city, went to Benares for further study. At first he attached himself to the school of Sankara, but later fell in with a follower of Ramanuja, and was initiated into his sect. Here, instead of the impersonal God of Sankara, who is unknowable, while the material world is illusion, he heard of the personal Lord Vishnu, through devotion to whom (*bhakti*) salvation is to be found. Ramanuja preached to the lower castes, but was most particular about the observance of caste rules among his own followers, and this strictness brought about a crisis in the life of Ramananda. He went on tour through India, preaching the doctrines of the school, and on his return a charge was brought against him that it was

impossible that under such circumstances he should always have kept food rules. This led to a dispute which caused his secession from the community. He wandered about India proclaiming release through Rama as the supreme incarnation of Vishnu. Owing to his own harsh treatment, he gave up much of the exclusiveness of his master, and addressed himself equally to outcaste and Brahman, teaching not in Sanskrit but in the vernacular. He ultimately settled at Benares, where he died in 1411 A.D.

Such, with variations, is the usually received story, but whether it is true in all its details is very doubtful. Historical exactness is not a mark of the Hindu mind, and in a reconstruction of the biography of Ramananda many things have to be taken into consideration. To take the most obvious, the above sketch gives him a life of one hundred and eleven years, which, while not unprecedented, is certainly improbable. On many other grounds, too, it would appear that these dates are wrong, and a more likely period is about 1400 to 1470 A.D. Into the reasons for this it is not now necessary to enter, nor for our purpose at present does it greatly matter. Again, that he was actually a follower of Ramanuja cannot be taken for granted. Indian accounts are generally confused, and often contradict each other. The fact is, that the whole problem of his personal history stands in need of thorough investigation.

But though in some respects the haze of distance and legend blurs his figure, yet Ramananda himself shines through it. We cannot yet explain how his training and experiences reacted on his spiritual life, or precisely how he came to adopt his theology. But there is no doubt as to the reality of that spiritual life, and perhaps no other Hindu teacher has had such a widespread influence on the myriads of poor and outcaste, an influence both direct—as seen to-day in Northern India, where vast numbers wear on their foreheads his *tilak*, or sectarian mark—and indirect, in affecting the thought of many other popular movements.

The great school of Sankara was primarily philosophical, and had no message for the ignorant. The school of Ramanuja believed in a personal God, Vishnu, and preached him to Sudras, even occasionally using the vulgar tongue. But Ramananda went farther, and taught that in one particular incarnation of Vishnu was salvation to be found, namely Rama. He practically dropped the use of Sanskrit, confining himself to the language of the common people, a reformation analogous in our own land to the translation of the Bible into English. His presentation of Rama alone meant that the god was far more personal to his worshippers. Ramanuja, in pointing to Vishnu, had gone far in this direction, yet even Vishnu, with his manifold incarnations, was far away and rather unreal. But no other god, or manifestation of a god, had the human qualities and associations of Rama. Probably there is an historical basis for the well-known story of the Ramayana; certainly to this day in the city of Ayodhya the exact spot is pointed out where he was born, and the whole place teems with reminiscences of his life. Here he was to have been given the kingdom by his father Dasaratha; here again he started into exile; here he came back after his wanderings; here he actually received the crown; here was the royal bedroom; there in the river Sarju he passed mysteriously from earth. And so, while doubtless theoretically Ramananda believed in all the forms of Vishnu, actually it was Rama, with all his human experience and heroic qualities, that claimed his allegiance, and has since won the adoration of millions.

These two features of Ramananda's teaching cannot be too strongly emphasized, even though we cannot say clearly why he adopted them. He wrote nothing so far as we know, but in the course of his life he gathered round him, like other teachers, a band of followers, of whom twelve were admitted into the inner circle. The various types here found show the breadth of his sympathies. There was Pipa the Rajput nobleman, Kabir the Mohammedan,

Ananta the Brahman, Sena the barber, Rai Das, a member of the degraded Chamar caste, and at least one woman, Padmavati.' 'Let no one ask a man's caste or sect,' he would say; 'whoever adores God, he is God's own.' At the same time, it must not be supposed that Ramananda had any intention of doing away with caste. 'There is no evidence that he relaxed the rule that restricted priestly functions to Brahmans; he made no attempt to overturn caste as a social institution; it was only certain of the religious restrictions of caste that were removed. Those who follow Ramananda are still strictly orthodox in caste matters. Ramananda did, however, use greater freedom in matters of food than is the custom among the followers of Ramanuja.' But while this is so, we do find in him the germ of modern anti-caste movements that probably would never have emerged into daylight without Christian influence, but were already in embryo five or six centuries ago in Hinduism itself.

Let us now see how Ramananda is represented to-day. There is first the great sect that professedly follows him, the members of which style themselves Ramanandis. They are divided into two classes, *Vairagis*, or ascetics, who have devoted themselves entirely to the religious life, and *Grihasthas*, or householders, who, while continuing their ordinary business and family life, have attached themselves to the sect, like the Tertiaries of St. Francis. The school soon branched into thirty-seven *sakhas*, or sub-sects, each founded by one of his followers. Each had its own membership, its own monasteries, and its own head, and many of these sub-sects still exist, and throughout Northern India are great numbers of monasteries. There is, however, no

¹ In conversation with modern Ramanandis, I have been informed by more than one that he had twelve and a half disciples, which was puzzling at first, but of course was satisfactorily explained by the odd half follower being a woman.

² J. N. Farquhar, *Religious Literature of India*, 325.

difference of doctrine or any detail of observance, and apparently all that is meant by this sub-division is that there were thirty-seven religious leaders who owed their enthusiasm to Ramananda and gathered their own followers, taught them the doctrines of their master, and organized them into definite form. Any of the four castes may be received, but only such. Ramanandis say that there are outcastes who call themselves his followers, but they are not recognized by any of the thirty-seven *sakhas*. At the time of his initiation the candidate for admission enters the temple and halts before the triple images of Rama, Sita, his wife, and Lakshman, his brother. Here the signs of Vishnu are impressed on his arms, either by branding or by ashes. The sect mark is put on his forehead, and a new name is given. This must end in Das (servant), and the first name must have some reference to Vishnu. Thus Rama Persad will become Rama Das. After this a Vishnuite rosary is put round his neck, and finally his head is covered with a sheet, and the initiating priest whispers in his ear the *mantra*, or secret word of the sect. The ceremony is now complete, and the newly received brother, if he be a *grihastha*, returns home, while if he be a *vairagi* he stays in the monastery. He does not necessarily remain here always, but may wander forth as a pilgrim or mendicant. However, he is still a member of the brotherhood. The sect has its own manuals of doctrine and ritual. In one of these elaborate details are given for the worship of Rama and Sita, treating the images, as is usual, as beings who need to be waited on hand and foot, from the hour when they are awakened, through the long process of washing, teeth-cleaning, dressing, feeding, the midday siesta, and so on, until they are put to bed for the night, and the attendants are released from duty.

So far we have spoken as if there were a definitely organized sect, consciously based on the personality and characteristic doctrines of Ramananda. But actually the association

is often very loose. Among those who wear the sectarian mark are to be found all possible degrees of religious and intellectual life. Some Ramanandis are highly educated, deeply versed in Sanskrit and the conventional stories, at any rate, of their master. Some are familiar with English, and with Western knowledge. But very many are wholly illiterate, and ignorant, not only of things in general, but of their own tenets. This is inevitable, since any *vairagi* can initiate others, so that while in some cases the ceremony outlined above must be impressive, and mark a genuine spiritual experience, in others it is no more than a muttering of magical formulae, or the adoption of a mendicant religious life as the easiest mode of existence. Moreover, the *grihastha* apparently receives no systematic teaching. After his initiation he returns home, and if he likes may occasionally visit his *guru*, but usually does not. In caste matters there appears to have been a reaction from the master's broadness. Any member of the four castes may be admitted, but only Brahmans and Kshattriyas can attend on the god. The others do menial work outside the shrine. We have already seen that outcastes are not received. Some Ramanandis say frankly that although Ramananda himself did receive such, it is no longer done. Most strongly deny that the Chamar Rai Das was ever one of his disciples. Ramananda himself, of course, has suffered the fate of so many Hindu teachers, and as Rama was regarded as an incarnation of Vishnu and has now among many not only taken the place of Vishnu, but is regarded as the supreme deity, so Ramananda is believed to have been an incarnation of Rama. Whether the process will be carried out to its full extent remains to be seen. Each of his twelve disciples is also regarded as an incarnation of some subordinate deity.

* Probably, however, Ramananda himself observed this rule. There seems to be a variety of practice with regard to the position of Kshattriyas.

So far, then, we have a widespread society, claiming to be the followers of Ramananda, worshipping Rama not only as an incarnation or a god, but as the one god by personal devotion to whom salvation can be won. The connexion is often loose; as ever in Hinduism, it does not always prohibit the holding of other inconsistent beliefs. But roughly it is cohesive, and, stripped of later superstitions, it presents a conception of God in which there is much of real spiritual and uplifting power. But Ramananda's contribution to religion does not stop here. Two principles form his claim to greatness: his extension of religious rights to the lower castes, and his use of the common language of the people; and with these his proclamation of one¹ God who cares enough for human beings to live their life. Among his followers two stand out pre-eminent. Take the second in order of time first. Tulsi Das was born in 1532 A.D., and after the death of his infant son devoted himself to a religious life, becoming the disciple of a spiritual descendant of Ramananda in the fifth generation after. After a while he felt called to write a version of the *Ramayana* in Hindi, the language of his countrymen. 'In this he gathered round the name of Rama, and made familiar to every peasant, the doctrines of *bhakti*, and of the love and grace of God. "The worship of the impersonal," says he, "laid no hold of my heart." In these words we have the secret of the great spiritual awakening which, from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century, spread from one province to another of north and west and eastern India.'² The poem is thoroughly Hindu, and not always self-consistent. The Brahman is exalted, polytheism still persists, those who die in Benares or Ayodhya are *ipso facto* saved. Yet in spite of all there is a noble conception of God, who, in the

¹ This is implied in his concentration on Rama, though it does not follow that he was conscious of the implication, nor is he entitled to be called a monotheist.

² N. Macnicol, *Indian Theism*, 116.

person of Rama, became incarnate for men, sympathized, suffered, and triumphed. It is the Scripture of the common people, and exercises still an enormous influence. It is known and quoted by thousands to whom both the language and the ideas of the older sacred books must remain for ever unintelligible. 'It is a noble poem which teaches theism, divine incarnation, and the love of God, although it is burdened with the whole vast weight of Hindu orthodoxy and mythology. Tulsi Das deserves the splendid renown which his great work has brought him. He lived for the people and loved them, and taught the very best he knew, in the language of the people, and in poetry which reaches the heart even in a translation.'¹

The other great name is that of Kabir, who has been already mentioned as one of Ramananda's immediate disciples. He is a most interesting figure. According to tradition, he was the son of a Brahman widow, who cast him away as soon as he was born, to hide her shame, near a tank in Benares. A Mohammedan weaver found him and adopted him. He not unnaturally showed leanings to Hinduism, and ultimately was received by Ramananda as a disciple.² In later life he became a bold reformer, mingling in a remarkable way Hindu and Mohammedan ideas. He worshipped God under the name of Rama, but was a strict monotheist. In one of his poems he acknowledges his indebtedness to his master. He condemned unsparingly caste, Brahman supremacy, and superstition, preached impartially to Hindus and Mohammedans, and criticized both religions, incurring persecution from both. His followers, the Kabir Panthis, still exist in large numbers in North India. Nanak, founder of the Sikhs, was strongly influenced by him, and a large number of sects have at

¹ J. N. Farquhar, *op. cit.*, 330.

² See R. G. Bhandarkar, *Vaisnavism and Saivism*, 67. Kabir is said to have gained acceptance, in spite of his Mohammedanism, by means of a harmless trick.

different times sprung from the same root, all with certain common characteristics. God alone is worshipped and idolatry forbidden; caste is no barrier; Hindus and Moham-medans are admitted, and usually the *guru*, or founder, is deified. A typical instance is given by the Siva Narayanis, founded in the United Provinces about 1734. They are a Unitarian sect numbering many thousands, drawn chiefly, though not entirely, from outcastes. Part of their ceremony is the *persad*, or sacramental meal, at which all eat together, laying aside caste distinctions, though these are of course resumed outside.

What is the value of all this? It has its encouraging and its pathetic aspects. It shows the desire of men to get nearer to God than they can through the shifting and impalpable forms of Hinduism; a desire to get free of all the deadweight of legends, often gross and immoral; to find a basis for human brotherhood more profound and unifying than caste; to realize the sympathy and humanity of God. And again, it shows the inability of Hinduism to get free from itself. God once more recedes into the distance, and His place is taken by the very men who proclaimed Him—Ramananda, Kabir, Siva Narayan. The ethical symbols of the sect tend to become magical; the personal devotion to a single god sometimes degenerates into eroticism; often the devotee is supremely ignorant of all save the name that he mechanically utters. But when all criticisms have been made, these movements are to be welcomed. They show the stirrings of life, strong or weak; they provide a firmer basis for Christianity than ordinary Hinduism, which, like a quicksand, is able to engulf all customs and beliefs and religious teachers, and yet remain what it was before. And if again we look back to Ramananda himself, there is no doubt that he can claim, by virtue of his conception of God and his wide human sympathies, a high place among the spiritual leaders of the world.

C. T. GROVES.

THE PORT OF LONDON.

THE Port of London has long been the chief centre of the world's commerce, and Sir John Broodbank's handsome volumes, with their lavish selection of fine illustrations and valuable maps, are sure of a widespread welcome. The price is three guineas net, and the History is well worth it, representing as it does extensive experience and wide research. Its binding, its paper, and its ample picture gallery are in keeping with the achievements here chronicled. The author has for forty-nine years been concerned in Port administration as an officer of two of the companies and as Chairman of the Dock and Warehouse Committee of the Port of London Authority from 1909 to 1920. He has also had the advantage of access to the records of the last hundred and twenty years, and has presented his facts and figures in a way that makes it a delightful education to study his 550 pages.

The opening sentences arrest attention : ' Though acknowledged to be the greatest port in the world, the Port of London has been dwarfed by the fact that London is the largest capital city of the world, and also its chief financial centre. Except its 40,000 workers and the representatives of merchants and shipowners whose interests require attendance at the docks and river wharves and warehouses, very few Londoners see the port.' That is indeed no easy matter. The shipping is not concentrated as at Liverpool or Hamburg within a few square miles, but stretches along more than fifty miles of river bank. The docks are cut into the land across peninsulas, and lie hidden behind high factories or warehouses which line the stream from London Bridge

¹ *History of the Port of London.* By Sir John G. Broodbank, in two volumes. (London : Daniel O'Connor, 1921.)

to Barking. The power of London, however, began as a port before it was a capital, and its greatness as a city has increased with its commerce.

Sir John Broodbank calls attention to the fact that London is the only instance of the combination of a great port and a capital city. Petrograd, Lisbon, Amsterdam are capitals, but not great ports; Paris has been ambitious to become another London, but the cost of making the Seine navigable for large steamers is prohibitive. London, in fact, assumes the functions of three Dutch cities—the Hague, the seat of Government; Rotterdam, the chief port; Amsterdam, the centre of finance. The majority of ports are places of transit where cargoes are landed or shipped off to other countries. Rotterdam had become the principal sea outlet for German traffic on the Rhine, but it reaped little advantage. 'It is a matter for wonder why the Dutch have for so many years been spending their millions of florins on the magnificent accommodation on the Maas, merely to do at the cheapest possible rates the work of hewers of wood and drawers of water for the manufacturers of Cologne, Dusseldorf, and the centres of German industry in Westphalia. They get no more benefit out of such trade than do wayside villages out of motor traffic passing through their streets.' London's vast entrepôt trade distinguishes it above all other ports. The city is a great wholesale market for the world. Before the war its wool trade represented £25,000,000 a year. About two-fifths of the wool was purchased by foreign buyers, the rest went to our own manufacturing centres. 'The wool comes to London simply to be sold. The advantages to the Metropolitan community are that besides the thousands of pounds spent on labour in landing the goods at the docks, more money still is spent on the operations in the warehouses in preparing for sale, in railway and cartage services, in financing transactions, in the insurance of the goods, and in the entertainment of the buyers who flock into

London during sale days.' That entrepôt trade has not escaped the attacks of competitors. The opening of the Suez Canal diverted trade to the Mediterranean ports; the international cable system gave facilities for purchasing direct by telegraph; the development of Continental industries encouraged shipowners to run lines direct from the country producing raw materials to Continental ports, the cheapening of travel making it profitable for manufacturers to buy at the point of production. These causes have led to the establishing of rival markets in American and colonial ports. They seem, however, to have expended their force, and for the five years before the war there was an important improvement in London's entrepôt trade. It is not possible to forecast the future, but it seems probable that producers will for many years find it safer, more convenient, and more profitable to market their goods in the Port of London.

London owes not a little of its prosperity as a port to its geographical position. It is sixty miles from the sea, which is about the distance an ordinary steamer can cover while the incoming or outgoing tide flows. Its situation also enables goods to be brought into a district where the radius for distribution by land is very extensive; yet it is not too far inland to interfere with distribution by sea if that is desired. The mouth of the Thames faces the mouths of the Rhine and the Scheldt; the Seine and the Elbe are not far distant. This has had a large influence on trade with the Continent. London is also the centre of the land surface of the globe, and has tended to be the clearing-house for the trade of the world. We must add that the Thames is broad and deep, even in its comparatively undredged state, so that vessels of the largest class can enter its docks on any day of the year. Its low, alluvial marshes easily afford suitable accommodation for the reception of shipping and goods. The breadth and depth of the river have indeed saved London from the fate of the

original ports of England, whose streams have become too shallow for shipping. The Thames can, with less dredging than is needed by any of the great ports, float vessels of 20,000 tons burden within three miles of London Bridge.

The first reference to London is in the *Annals of Tacitus*, who says that after the rebellion of Boadicea in 61 A.D. the Roman General, Suetonius Paulinus, marched 'midst a hostile population to Londinium, which, though undistinguished by the name of a colony, was much frequented by a number of merchants and trading vessels.' Herodian, in his *Life of Severus*, who died at York in 211, calls London 'a great and wealthy city.' The Count of the Saxon shore had under him a fleet and a force of 10,000 men to keep open the channels between London and the Rhine, and to protect the trade of the port from freebooters. In those Roman times, vessels were moored in the Thames, and their cargoes transported in boats, or the vessels were themselves beached alongside the warehouses. The smaller vessels went up the Walbrook or Fleet with the tide and were beached there.

We know little about the port during the five centuries after the Roman period. The regulations of Ethelred for the tolls at Billingsgate at the latter end of the tenth century show that boats coming to the wharf, including small fishing-boats, paid one halfpenny each, and sailing-boats and larger fishing-boats a penny. Vessels lying at the wharf paid fourpence. Ships with timber gave one log as toll. Rouen vessels with wine or dried fish paid six sous and five per cent. of the fish. The Easterlings, or Emperor's men, could 'market their goods in the town subject to the ordinary tolls, and were entitled to buy wool waste and three live pigs for provisions, with a stipulation that at Christmas and Easter they were to supplement tolls with two grey and one brown cloths, 10 lb. of pepper, five pairs of gloves, two casks of vinegar, one fowl out of

every basket of fowls, and five eggs from each basket of eggs.'

This reference to Billingsgate is the first record of any specific landing-place in the port. Small hithes were constructed where vessels could lie on the shore and be discharged when the tide went down. 'These hithes were not docks in the modern sense, though some of them were eventually called docks, such as Puddle Dock and Dowgate Dock. They consisted either of projecting wooden piers enclosing an arm of foreshore accessible towards high water, or of cuttings into the foreshore, the sides being piled to prevent the soil slipping in. Warehouses were built round the sides of the quay so formed. In order to ensure protection against river-thieves these hithes were built inside the town wall, which was erected on the river front, and access gained through gates. Of these hithes, Billingsgate was undoubtedly the first constructed. It adjoined the bridge, and it was the nearest point on the north side of the river to the ferry which plied between the city and the south side. It may indeed have originally been the actual landing-place for passengers and goods ferried across the river before the bridge was made. It remained for centuries the principal quay in the port.'

During the twenty years' reign of Canute London gained a commercial ascendancy in the kingdom which it has never lost. The city took the part of Earl Godwin in his struggle with Edward the Confessor. London now became the head quarters of the navy and the chief centre for the building of ships for commerce and for war. The Easterlings from Cologne and other cities had now formed the Hanseatic League, with its steelyard in Thames Street, on part of the site of Cannon Street Station. Steelyard is a contraction of staplehoff, a dépôt for merchandise. The building of London Bridge in stone, which was begun in 1176 and finished in thirty-three years, fixed the boundaries of the port for many centuries. There had been a wooden bridge

here for nearly two centuries, and a ferry from time immemorial. The timber bridge was burnt by fire and was entirely rebuilt in 1168 by Peter of Cole Church. He saw that a stone bridge was now necessary, and lived to see it well on the way to completion. He died in 1209, and was buried in the chapel which stood upon it. There was a drawbridge by which large vessels were able to pass through without dismasting. The drawbridge was also useful for purposes of defence, and was raised when Sir Thomas Wyatt and the Kentish men marched from Deptford to London in 1553. The bridge had twenty arches sixty feet above the bed of the river. These were about thirty feet wide, with an interval of twenty feet between them. The passing of the bridge had its perils, and in course of time Billingsgate became the resort of foreign trade, while Queenhithe, above bridge, was the centre for the up-river traffic.

Queenhithe had been one of the earliest harbours, and in the days of the wooden bridge was the principal 'strand' for landing and loading goods in the heart of the city. The royal interest in Queenhithe led the throne to favour it at the expense of Billingsgate, but the stone bridge rendered navigation difficult, and in 1246 Queenhithe passed into the hands of the Corporation of London. 'The rivalry with Billingsgate lasted into Tudor times, when, with the discovery of America and the developments in the Eastern trades, London's trade grew into such magnitude that there was more than enough business for all the wharves in the port.'

Whilst the stone bridge was being built the making of the river banks along the low-lying alluvial areas in Essex and Kent changed the sluggish Thames into a fast-flowing river, which gave free motive power at the rate of three to four miles an hour for a period averaging six and a half hours each way. The stream was confined to one-tenth of its previous boundaries, and the bed was scoured without expense. The undredged channel enabled ships of 2,000

tons to come right up to London Bridge. Great areas of fruitful soil were made available for cultivation. No record of the construction of these river banks has survived, but statutes of Henry III's reign refer to embankments in the days of his grandfather, Henry II. It is probable that the motive was the reclamation of land, and that those who carried out these schemes did not realize that they were giving London such a noble highway for its commerce.

The Corporation of London is recognized as the Port Authority in the reign of Richard I. They had long been conservators in the port, and subsequent legislation confirmed and made their rights clearer. Their authority was maintained in the Court of Exchequer in 1605, on the strength of prescription and ancient charters. The legal judgement vindicated the plea that the mayor and commonalty had 'for all time whereof the memory of man is not to the contrary,' exercised the authority and powers which were challenged.

Fitzstephen, in his *Life of Thomas à Becket*, calls London 'the one seat among the world's cities that pours out its fame more widely, sends to farther lands its wealth and trade, lifts its head higher than the rest.' He states that the wall and the towers which had formerly bounded the city on the river-side had been gradually undermined by the action of the tide. The only pests of London were 'the immoderate drinking of fools and the frequency of fires.' These were both due to the growth of the port. There had been a great increase in the import of wine from France, and the Easterlings brought large quantities of resin, pitch, tar, and rope, which were the cause of frequent fires.

The victory over the French fleet at Sluys in 1340 was won by our merchant navy, and was the first intimation to the world that a new sea power had risen, and one which was to become dominant. Richard II passed the first of our Navigation Laws, which forbade the King's subjects

to import or export goods in any save English ships. In these days foreign merchants came from the coast to Gravesend by land and thence by river to the city. 'This water passage is believed to have been in use before the Conquest, and served the numerous pilgrims to Rome and later to Canterbury.' Its London terminus was probably at the wharf where Fitzstephen tells us was the public refreshment station, at which 'if there should come suddenly to any of the citizens friends weary from a journey, and too hungry to like waiting till fresh food is bought and cooked, with water to their hands comes bread, while one runs to river-bank and there is all that can be wanted.' 'This,' he says, 'is the public kitchen, and very convenient to the city and part of its civilization.' In 1306 a toll of sixpence was levied on every cargo of sea coal passing under the bridge for the next three years. This was intended to provide for the repair and maintenance of London Bridge. The coal was brought up the Fleet River and sold in what is now named Sea Coal Lane. In 1315 the first record appears of a trading-vessel belonging to the Port of London. She was the *Little Edward*, and had been attacked by the French as she lay on the ground at Margate at low water, under the idea that she was Flemish. 'She was owned and commanded by John Brand, a citizen and merchant of London, and laden with a cargo of 120 half-sacks of wool, and valued at £1,200, from London to Antwerp on behalf of three Hanse merchants. From this it would seem that London merchants had started to be shipowners for the world at large.' In 1346 the largest fleet which had ever left England was fitted out at Rotherhithe. It was not till 1488 that the Royal Navy was begun by the building of the *Good Harry* at Woolwich.

During the Wars of the Roses foreign merchants made themselves masters of our trade. In his first year Henry VII passed an Act forbidding claret to be brought into this country except in English, Irish, or Welsh ships. Other

measures were passed to help our own merchants, and in 1492 Flemings were banished from England and all commercial relations with them forbidden. Wine and wood, however, became much dearer through the monopoly granted to Englishmen, and in 1503 the Hanse merchants were restored to their privileged position, with a proviso that the liberties of London were not to be prejudiced. Elizabeth reaped the fruit of her grandfather's policy, and used its shipping and trade to extend the influence of her country. The discoveries of Raleigh and Drake inspired Englishmen not only to conquer fresh lands, but to extend trade to new parts of the globe. Sir Thomas Gresham was a chief means of establishing London's financial pre-eminence. The East India Company received its charter on the last day of the sixteenth century. It was an immediate success, and often paid dividends of 100 per cent. Its first fleet consisted of one vessel of 600 tons, another of 300, two of 200, and one of 130. The crews numbered 480. Many Thames watermen entered the service of the Company. The difficult and dangerous navigation of London Bridge made ships and passengers use the wharves below it. In 1513 Deptford is named as a royal station for ships; in 1550 we find vessels moored at Ratcliff and Poplar. In 1612 a dwelling-house and offices were built at Blackwall for the East India Company, which had made there the head quarters for their shipping. Pepys went to Blackwall on January 15, 1661, to see the dock, the new wet dock, 'and a brave new merchantman which is to be launched shortly.' That was the *Royal Oak* belonging to the East India Company. The dock was one of several dry docks in the Thames for the repair of ships. In the new wet dock, one acre and a half in extent, vessels fitted out after launching. The dock was afterwards absorbed in the Brunswick Dock, built in 1789.

The Howland Great Wet Dock, begun in the reign of William III, remained almost in its original form until the

end of the nineteenth century. For upwards of a hundred years it was the largest London Dock. Elizabeth Howland married the Marquis of Tavistock, and in 1696 Parliament granted permission for the making the Howland Dock in Rederiffe (Rotherhithe). It was in use in 1703, and a dry dock had been added. The dock covered ten acres; its lock was 44 feet wide and 150 feet long. At spring tide there were 17 feet of water on the sill of the lock, so that the largest ships of the navy could enter. It was claimed that the dock was 'larger than the famous basin of Dunkirk, or any pent water in the world.' A crane for putting in or taking out masts was a special feature. In the great storm of November 27, 1703, all the ships in the river were forced from their moorings and 'confusedly driven on the north shore, where some were left, and most received great damage.' Only one vessel in the new dock received some trifling injury to her bowsprit, and this 'was in a great measure imputed to too secure a negligence in the persons who moored her there.' The dock was sold in 1763 to Messrs. Wells, who adapted it for the whaling trade. Houses were erected, with boilers and tanks for extracting oil from the blubber. It was now known as the Greenland Dock. In 1806, when the whaling industry had declined, it became the entrepot for deals and corn. Its name was changed to the Commercial Dock. At the end of last century a new dock was built which absorbed the site of the Commercial Dock and was called the Greenland Dock. The Brunswick Dock at Blackwall was begun in 1789 by Mr. Perry for ships of the East India Company. It had an area of about eight acres, and was divided into two parts—one for thirty of the largest East India ships, the other for thirty smaller vessels.

In 1732 the port had 1,417 ships, with a total tonnage of 178,557 tons. The two largest vessels on the register were of 750 tons; the smallest were 25, 18, and 5, and were sailing barges trading to Faversham and Ipswich. Trade


increased steadily, till in 1792 the exports were £12,072,000, the imports £23,874,000. That was 65 per cent. of the totals for the whole of England. Clive's campaigns in India and the development of the West Indian trade contributed largely to this result.

Great changes were coming. The dock and warehouse accommodation had not been substantially extended since the time of Queen Elizabeth, and the West India merchants found the delays and losses so vexatious that they agitated for a complete reorganization of the port. Mr. William Vaughan was chiefly responsible for the introduction of the modern dock system. He began to write on the subject in 1793. His first tract urged the construction of docks at St. Katharine's Church, Wapping, the Isle of Dogs, and Rotherhithe. Within thirty years docks had been built on all three sites. Parliament appointed a Committee in 1796 to investigate the affairs of the port, and in 1799 it was decided that the Dock system was the best means of meeting the situation. Up to that time by far the larger number of ships discharged and loaded at moorings in the river. The lighters brought the goods to the quays, and here they were examined by the Customs. The smallest vessels lay along the quays. Goods were taken by cart or trolley to the merchants or public warehouses in the adjoining streets, and there marketed and distributed. 'Most of the homeward-bound ships lay between Limehouse and London Bridge. The larger ships of 350 to 400 tons were moored at Deptford. The still larger Indiamen were at Deptford and Blackwall. The coasting and short sea traders got as near London Bridge as possible. The Hamburg ships were opposite St. Katharine Church. Colliers usually lay between Ratcliff Cross and New Crane Stairs. Old Gravel Lane in that district received its name because it was the thoroughfare used by carts taking gravel to the colliers for the return journey to the Tyne.' Shipping had increased so much that the moorings in the river could

not cope with it, and masters had to go where they could find a vacant berth. The river was often so crowded with shipping that a boat could not cross. Vessels had sometimes to wait a week before they could reach the Pool. There was often scarcity in London whilst there was plenty in the river. In 1794 coals were sold at £6 6s. a chaldron simply because the colliers could not be discharged.

The beginning of the nineteenth century was marked by great progress. The first stone of the West India Docks was laid in July, 1800, and they were opened in August, 1802. The scheme was laid on broad and spacious lines, and in 1895, by enlarging the entrance lock and cuttings at Blackwall, the dock was made available for vessels of 8,000 tons burthen. Further alterations will enable vessels of 20,000 tons to use it. The dock at Wapping received its first ship on January 31, 1805. The East India Company opened its dock in August, 1806. It had the largest vessels in the port, reaching 750 tons, and it was able to make its own arrangements for their discharge at moorings in the river. Its cargoes were the most valuable that came into the Thames, and a staff was employed to protect them from the depredators who made 'the lives of the West India merchants unbearable.' The narrow and crowded highway which ran through Ratchiff Highway to High Street, Poplar, was unfit for the heavy traffic from the West India Docks, and the Commercial Road was made to serve both East and West India docks.

Meanwhile the Surrey docks were being developed, though unfortunately without regard to the possibilities of extension or amalgamation. The St. Katharine Dock, near the Tower, was opened in October, 1828, but although steamers had appeared in the Port in 1815 the owners had an eye to the warehousing rather than the shipping business, and the largest vessel which can enter on the most favourable tides cannot exceed 1,000 tons net register. The need for a larger dock to receive vessels of greatly increased tonnage.



led to the opening of the Victoria Dock at Blackwall in 1855, which gained immediate success. In 1880 the Royal Albert Dock was opened. It was then the finest dock in the world. It is a mile and three-quarters long, and has a water area of 87 acres, and a depth of water of 30 feet on the entrance lock at spring tides. A deeper entrance with 36 feet was made when the Tilbury Dock, with 38 feet depth at its entrance, was opened in 1886. In constructing the Royal Albert Dock four million cubic yards of excavation were lifted a mean height of 17 feet. Forty-three million gallons of water were pumped out in a day, and half a million cubic yards of concrete, requiring 80,000 tons of Portland cement and 20,000,000 bricks, were used. Two thousand to three thousand workmen were employed. When it was opened the largest vessel coming regularly to the port had a gross tonnage of 4,457 tons. The new dock was able to take vessels of 12,000 tons.

The spacious Tilbury Docks were opened in 1886, but business did not appear, and the difficulties became so acute that a Royal Commission met in 1900 to inquire into the administration of the port and to consider what changes were necessary for the promotion of trade. Sir Joseph Broodbank gives a full account of the investigations of the Commission which led to the Port of London Act in 1908. This established an Authority for the port which began at Teddington and extended down both sides of the Thames to an imaginary straight line drawn from the pilot mark at the entrance of Havengore Creek in Essex to the Land's End at Warren Point, in the Isle of Sheppey. The docks of the London and India, Surrey Commercial, and Millwall Companies were transferred to this authority. The maintenance of all plant, the dredging of the river, and many complicated problems of management were committed to the Authority, and the details given in these volumes show how wisely it did its work. The chapters on watermen and lightermen, public wharfingers, and on

Trinity House are full of interesting facts. Private enterprise has provided enormous accommodation by the riverside for the needs of the port during the last fifty years. From Blackfriars to Shadwell the river is lined on both sides with public wharves and warehouses. Hay's Wharf provides space for warehousing equal to that of St. Katharine's Dock. At Fresh Wharf on the north side of the river, vessels with fruit unload near to the fruit-market in Pudding Lane. The Mark Brown's and Davis wharf just above Tower Bridge, on the south side, has a thoroughly modern equipment for discharging the medium-sized vessels that can reach this part of the river. Bellamy's Wharf, opposite the Shadwell entrance of the London Dock, deals with ordinary cargoes, and has modern installations for the discharge of grain, besides storing grain and other cargoes. Most of the riverside granaries lie eastward of Bellamy's. Immediately below Shadwell we get few public wharves of any importance. Dry docks and manufactories of world-wide reputation take up the space. Here begin the wharves for the discharge of coal, of which 8,159,000 tons arrived by sea in the Port of London in 1912. The line of continuous wharves stretches to Plumstead, nine miles from London Bridge; beyond that point are wharves of the cement and margarine factories and timber yards. At the wharf known as Dagenham Dock there are not only rail facilities for goods, but sites in the neighbourhood are let for factories which combine rail, road, and river access. The arrangements for the discharge and storage of petrol and other liquid fuels at Purfleet and Thames Haven are of growing importance.

Sir Joseph Broodbank says the docker has long been better paid than the carman for the hours he works, and the majority of the men get as much regular work as they want. On the whole they are steady and honest, especially having regard to their opportunities for pilfering both food and drink. The strike of 1912 and the reorganization

scheme of 1914 are described at some length. During the war the dockers showed their patriotic spirit, and recognized their responsibilities as a vital link in the equipment and feeding of the army and the civil population. The worst features of casual labour have passed away, but the relations with the Trade Unions need to be put on a more satisfactory basis.

The resources of the port were taxed in war time by the heavy and irregular arrival of goods, but the Authority was able to take measures which proved efficacious in preventing congestion in 1915 and 1916. That was afterwards effectually prevented by the submarine campaign, from which the Port of London suffered severely. It suffered even more acutely from the Government policy of diverting large volumes of traffic to other British ports.

In his closing chapter Sir Joseph discusses 'The Future of the Port.' Judging from its 1,900 years' history its future is as secure as that of any human institution can be. London will remain the chief international market for Eastern and colonial produce. Liverpool and Hull have tried in vain to capture the trade. Germany, America, and Japan have bought largely in the Australian markets. Yet the greater part of such wool as is not bought in Australia is sent to the London wool warehouses for sale, and buyers from all the world know that they will there have a greater selection to choose from than at any other point in the world. Tea has been a practical monopoly of the London market from its first importation. Wild rubber finds its way to Liverpool; the cultivated product comes to the London market. The petroleum and petrol trade is certain to expand. London is the chief mart for articles of medicine, for spices, and for valuable working metals. Commodities such as corn and coal needed by the Metropolis and the population which it serves find their way up the Thames. London is also the largest manufacturing district in the kingdom, though none of its manufactures equals the

cotton and wool manufactures of the north. Ten years ago the capital value of the riverside factories was estimated at £100,000,000, and that value is now probably more than doubled. To the increase of manufactures the port must look for an extension of its export trade. Shipbuilding and repair have diminished, but Messrs. Harland and Wolff have now secured eight or more sites along the Thames where they will carry on repair work for the Port of London Authority. A quarter of a million is to be spent on new buildings.

The future has its problems, but Sir John Broodbank faces it with bright hopes. 'Whilst the channel of the Thames is kept clear of shoals and the dock and warehouses are maintained to meet the demands of shipowners and merchants, the market of London—the oldest, the freest, and the best in the world—ought as the result of the victorious war to be extended beyond what would have been brought about by the effluxion of time; and whether the future transit of the world's commerce is to remain with steamers sailing the sea or is transferred to airships sailing the sky, the market will not be displaced. Given efficiency in its operations, a constant alertness to accommodate new forms of trade, labour intelligently applying its strength to work, and a moderate tariff of charges, the future of the greatest port in the world can be regarded with as much confidence as we look forward to the future of the Empire of which it is the capital.'

JOHN TELFORD.

Notes and Discussions

PRINCIPAL FORSYTH

As a colleague of Dr. Forsyth it is not possible for me to say all I would like to say, or to refrain from saying some things which he would have wished me to omit; but I welcome this opportunity of offering a simple tribute to his memory. He was a great principal. I know what his students thought of him, and how much they felt they owed to his friendship, his teaching, his example, and his discipline. Occasionally he may have seemed to some of them for the moment severe. But he was just, and they soon became conscious of a tenderness which only the just can show. Gratitude, admiration, respect, affection were the deepest and abiding feelings of Hackney College men for their Principal. I believe most of them would have done almost anything for him, and the character of their ministry among the churches is now their best testimony to his inspiring influence. We all, students and professors, looked up to him. We all had confidence in him. We all wished to learn from him. Consideration and courtesy characterized his relations with the staff. He was quick to acknowledge the smallest service any of us tried to render him. He never regarded the College as *his* college or spoke of the men as *his* men. The College was the united fellowship of all who contributed in any degree to its life and wellbeing. He said very little about himself either in public or in private, leaving it to smaller men to display their credentials and assert their importance. He never fell into the vulgar habit of talking about himself instead of his theme. He was one of the best listeners, too, when he felt that a man had got anything to say, and was really trying to say it. Some of the best illustrations of his ability, and of his character also, were given on those frequent occasions when, as at 'Drew' lectures or closing meetings of college sessions, he expressed the thanks of the audience and his own. It was not simply the masterly way in which he summed up the salient features of the lecture to which we had listened, and the almost preternatural rapidity of thought and speech, which enabled him to pack so much into so short a time, that impressed us; but the moral qualities—the self-repression, the evident appreciation of another man's work even when, some of us thought, it was not equal to his own, and did not express what he regarded as the deepest things which might have been said. They were the utterances of a perfect gentleman.

Dr. Forsyth had the keenest sense of honour, as every true exponent of the divine grace is bound to have. He hated lying with a deadly hatred, whether it arose from slovenly thinking, or unreal sentiment, or a perverted conscience. He would rather have seen one of his students lying drunk on his study floor than wilfully harbouring a falsehood, and refusing to face the absolute claims of a God of truth. And he knew of only one gospel, which struck at the root of all the

evasions and illusions and lies of the sinful human heart, vindicating the honour of God and making honour possible among men. 'Separated unto the gospel of God.' It was in that way that Dr. Forsyth regarded his vocation. He might have won fame in art, in literature, in philosophy, but he chose theology; and the theology of the Cross, the most unpopular of all subjects, now as always folly to the wise and a stumbling-block to the self-righteous. The deep conviction that 'the gospel of the glory of the blessed God' had been 'committed to his trust' was the secret of the marvellous tenacity with which he held, sometimes amid ridicule and misrepresentation, to his fundamental position—the cruciality of the Cross. With almost endlessly varied iteration he sought to commend that truth to every man's conscience in the sight of God.

I remember a visitor once coming to Hackney College, a man widely known and esteemed for his evangelical earnestness, who expressed the hope that the salvation of souls was the main business of the college. Like a flash of light there came one of those startling antitheses which puzzled and offended some—'Our chief concern here is not with souls, but with the gospel.' The preaching of the gospel, the maintenance of the faith once delivered to the saints through the final and eternal act of the Cross, seemed to him the main business of the college and of the ministry of the Church. It was 'the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.' It was the ground of the new creation and the explanation of the old, an act of God which made human personality both possible and complete.

A few years ago various courses of lectures were given to London ministers by the staff of Hackney and New Colleges, and as it always fell to my lot to lecture the same morning as Dr. Forsyth, I had many opportunities of listening to him myself, and of observing the remarkable interest which everything he said excited. With such a challenging audience he simply overflowed with mental vivacity, and the sense of his vocation became unusually vivid. On one of the last of these occasions he told us how he felt himself to be almost an apostle, with an apostle's mission before him still only partially fulfilled. It was no personal claim he was making. It was the sense of having had the gospel committed to his trust demanding expression.

'Behold the goodness and severity of God' was the burden of Dr. Forsyth's message to the world. He knew that no rational criticism of the New Testament could eliminate either element of the divine nature from its pages, and he found confirmation of the apostolic doctrine in experience and in history. By terrible things in righteousness God answers us, and the holy love of the Father is revealed even in the Cross as a consuming fire. Some of us no doubt find an over-emphasis of one aspect of the divine nature in the writings of Dr. Forsyth. But are we right? The question is not one of mere individual preference, nor to be finally decided by an appeal to a conscience, which is sensitive only to the pressure of its own immediate social environment or personal needs. We turn to the New Testament, to the words of Jesus, to the 'mind of Christ,' to the judgement of the Cross, to the blood of Christ which cleanses the conscience from dead works, and makes it alive unto God, before we gain the certitude we need.

From the days of John the Baptist until now every earnest reformer has used language offensive to some. 'Life is not a riddle for a tea-party, but a battle of blood,' and the word of the Lord was sometimes in Dr. Forsyth's mouth as a sharp two-edged sword. He had a good-natured pity, it may be, for those who could call Mürren 'pretty,' but an affront to the majesty of a holy God was a much more serious crime. 'Some preaching is like proposing the health of the gospel; some prayer is like moving a vote of thanks to the Almighty.' Concerning the persons who 'thought they were modern when they were only meagre,' he had many mordant things to say—'the word-shy people' who avoided the great New Testament words, and had no adequate realization of the tragedy of the world, and the remedy provided in the gospel—'the soul's piano-tuners to the Infinite.' Their persuasion, such as it was, did not come from men who knew the terror of the Lord, but only a winsome Jesus. These catechumens were reared to worship but a demigod.' It was this mutilation of the New Testament revelation of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ that roused Dr. Forsyth's indignation to white heat, and called forth his unusually brilliant satiric powers. Satire is a difficult weapon to handle, but he used it with great self-restraint and in the highest of all causes.

Dr. Forsyth felt very keenly, as we all did, the horrors of the late war, but few grasped as clearly as he the significance of that fiery ordeal. He had the courage to place it over against the darker background of Calvary, and to believe that God was in both. 'What took place on the Cross was a tragedy and a crisis infinitely greater than if Germany plunged every state into war, if America were submerged in the ocean or Britain cast into the depths of the sea.' There are some already beginning to ask 'Was the war worth while?' expecting to find a justification of that stupendous event within a year, or a decade, or a life-time—and sometimes chiefly in terms of improved economic conditions. But we have read our New Testaments and our histories to little purpose, if we so ask. The fall of Jerusalem in A.D. 70 has not yet converted the Jewish nation, though it expressed the judgement of God, and why should the judgement of the nations in our time be expected to bring in at once an era of perfect righteousness and grace? The ways of God are past tracing out. It is something if we have been taught to think 'on the grand scale'—the scale of millenniums and nations and worlds—instead of the tiny two-foot rule of our own personal comfort and prejudice. 'The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small.' He who keeps his eyes fixed on the Cross of Calvary will find there rather than in any brief term of years the meaning of history and the pledge of the highest good. 'He that spared not His own Son.' That final and sufficient illustration of the goodness and severity of God rebukes all impatience and murmuring and unbelief.

But the great teacher and friend, who has been with us, and is now gone from us, needs neither our appreciation nor our criticism. 'And at last,' he said, 'must there not be some great crisis of self-judgement, when we shall see Him as He is, and see ourselves as His grace sees us?'

H. H. SCULLARD.

RECENT RUSSIAN LITERATURE

It is notorious that throughout Bolshevik Russia publishers' offices have been closed and the printing-presses seized by the Communists, who have employed them to print propaganda—countless numbers of leaflets and pamphlets, often skilfully written. For their attempt to inspire a world revolution the Bolsheviks prepared propaganda in many languages, to be distributed by secret agents in many countries. It is extremely difficult to publish a book in Russia; absolutely impossible to publish any book which has not a Bolshevik bias. Consequently a few writers, in order to obtain some publicity for their work, meet periodically in Moscow at a kind of literary circle to read it aloud to one another. A few Russian books, however, have been produced since the Revolution, printed in the neighbouring states which were parts of the old Russian Empire, at Constantinople, which now contains a large number of Russians, at Paris, and Berlin. Berlin always published a certain number of Russian books, especially those which were forbidden by the authorities in Russia because of their political tendencies. At the present time Berlin is in closer contact with Bolshevik Russia than any other publishing centre, and some very interesting books have been issued there.

But Russian literature as a whole is, of course, at a low ebb. The *intelligentsia* of all kinds have been silenced. Many of them have been destroyed. It is as impossible, said Mr. H. G. Wells after his visit to Russia, for a scientist to work in Russia as it would be in a Kaffir kraal. How can novelists and poets write amid the conditions of present-day Russia? Maxim Gorky, the novelist, was given a post under the Soviet Government, and occupied a privileged position. He was allowed sufficient rations, but he had one suit of clothes, and was compelled to be continually under the thumb of his Bolshevik masters. The rest of the writers have been, according to Stephen Graham, 'in an abyss of penury and misery.' A few were fortunate enough to be outside Russia when the Lenin-Trotsky group seized power, or have subsequently escaped, but for the most part these have been absorbed by their country's fate, and have either been unable to concentrate on literary work or have devoted themselves to anti-Bolshevist propaganda.

The Bolsheviks themselves are by no means uninterested in literature. After her return from Poland Mrs. Cecil Chesterton related how she discovered a store of books which the Bolsheviks had read, furnishing interesting and sometimes amusing information regarding their literary tastes. When the Poles captured Vilna, the Bolsheviks were forced to retreat in such haste that quantities of stores, and even some of their secret documents, were left behind. A room at the Bolshevik head quarters was full of books, nearly all English fiction and poetry, a miscellaneous collection. Some of the books had not been opened, but others showed signs of having been read and re-read by Trotsky's lieutenants. Max Pemberton's *My Sword for Lafayette* was well thumbed, and had evidently been read by many of the commissaries. 'It flamed,' says Mrs. Chesterton, 'with marginal notes by revolutionary readers. Passages dealing

with the execution of Counts and Marquises were marked with approval, and the description of the burning of the chateau by the villagers was scored with admiration.'

Many of the Bolshevik leaders have themselves been journalists. Lunacharski, Commissary of Public Instruction, spent his exile in Switzerland in translating the Swiss poet Spitteler, and he recently published a volume of plays, one of them called *Oliver Cromwell*, accused by some Bolsheviks of containing reactionary doctrines. Lenin, to judge from his writings which have reached this country, has a very forceful way of expressing his preposterous opinions—a pungent style which Mr. Bottomley, for example, might envy. But Lenin's writings are propaganda, not literature. Alexander Blok has composed some works which are of permanent and high value as literature. His most famous poem, 'The Twelve,' has been translated into several languages, including English, but its Bolshevik flavour has interfered with true appreciation of its striking literary power. Blok is a sincere believer in Bolshevism, and in literature he believes in discarding what he regards as the worn-out inspiration of the past, sneering at the *intelligentsia*, the 'phrase-makers.' He prophesies a new generation who, he says in a recent book of essays, 'will say such words as for a long time our tired, faded, and bookish literature has not spoken.'

His great poem is very irregular in form, sometimes written in the style of Russian factory songs, and it gives a vivid idea of life in Russia to-day, describing the march of a Bolshevik patrol through the streets of Petrograd. We may quote the story. 'It is snowing; the streets are dark and slippery; and all around are squalor and violence. A carriage approaches with a man in it, who used to be a workman but is now a soldier of the Red Army, and has become rich in the way that members of this body do. With him is a woman. The patrol calls on them to stop; they do not obey, and shots are fired. The soldier escapes, but the woman falls dead in the snow, shot by one of her former lovers in the patrol. His comrades mock him in his despondency, and he quickly regains his spirits. They march on and on through the storm, cursing their misery and weariness, and jeering at one of their number who mutters a prayer. For they boast that they are "without the Cross." In front of them they hear footsteps; they cannot see the man, and call to him to halt, and fire when he does not appear. But it is Christ marching invisible and invulnerable at their head, bearing a red flag.'

Alexander Blok has written another powerful poem, 'The Scythians,' exalting the Russian race as unique—neither European nor Asian, but Scythian—and Russia as a continent in itself. In the days of Czardom most Russian writers turned to the West for inspiration and ideals, but Blok and his followers repudiate Western influences. Russia is exalted in another remarkable poem, 'Christ is Arisen,' by Andrey Biely, but as a 'Crucified Russia.' The poem is irregular, fragmentary, obscure, but with genuine crude force, combining religion and patriotism in a strange mystic and intense manner. Passing from the resurrection of Christ to incidents in the life of Russia to-day, it is chaotic, and yet full of a significance we can only partially understand.

A work of quite another nature is a novel by Krasnoff, an anti-Bolshevist, with the title *From the Double-headed Eagle to the Red Standard*, the first volume published recently in Berlin. It is on a huge scale, the first volume of 546 pages portraying the career of the hero from the accession of Nicholas II in 1894 to the outbreak of the Great War. It attempts to express all aspects of Russian life, especially in the army. There is a detailed description of the Czar, probably truthful, because the author spent much time at the Russian Court. A wealth of clearly drawn characters of all classes are in its pages, from soldiers and officers to revolutionaries and bureaucrats, and dramatic incidents abound. Its epic scale is comparable only with that of Tolstoy's giant novel, *War and Peace*, and the skill with which the author manages his enormous mass of material leads one to believe that he may be among the greatest of Russian novelists. The first volume throws much light on the influence of Rasputin, the origin of Bolshevism, and the defeat of Russia in the war with Japan. The officers, frivolous and often immoral, were a caste apart from the men, and were followed not from loyalty, but obeyed from fear. The common soldier, though brave to recklessness, was too ignorant to be patriotic. If he sang as he went to battle, it was not of the Little Father and Holy Russia for which he fought, but meaningless popular songs. The Czaritsa sent gifts to the men before the battle of Mukden, which they sold for drink, cursing her for sending her portrait. 'She's showing off! Lots of diamonds on her, too! Why don't she sell them and send some vodka to the soldier? That would be sensible. But these gifts—portraits!' And that was the Russian soldier before a great battle!

ANTHONY CLYNE.

AN ITALIAN LIFE OF CHRIST

GIOVANNI PAPINI in his *Storia di Cristo* appears before the readers of his former books as the proverbial Saul among the prophets, for hitherto Papini's fame in modern Italian literature has been won and maintained in fields far remote from his present theme, and there is little or nothing in his many volumes of fiction, of poetry, of criticism of art and literature and philosophy, to give forecast of a study of Christ and the Gospels from his fertile pen. The unexpected source gives the more significance to the book, and has led to the demand for translations immediately after its publication in Italy. For Papini as a critic has long been known outside his own country; his caustic article on Croce and Bergson appears indeed in French in the Italian volume of essays on many writers of many lands—*Stronature*. Methodist readers are more likely to have met his name for the first time in the current missionary report, where he is cited as a witness to the revival in many Italian hearts of the hope of the gospel as a lamp shining in the darkness of this time. 'There is a guide whence we might even to-day derive the principles to which we must perforce return if we do not wish to perish in the tortures of ultimate despair. It is a small volume, divided into four little books which every one knows, many read, and nobody follows; it is called the "Gospel of

Jesus Christ." So writes Papini in the words cited in our annual report, and such might be the text of this book of over six hundred pages in which he has set forth for his countrymen the supreme story of the world's history.

No 'Life of Christ' we have before read can be compared with this Italian study. It stands alone, unique in its style, its form, its spirit. He reads the 'four little books which every one knows' with the devout trust of a disciple to whom their testimony is all sufficient; he writes his own interpretation of their story with the fervour of an apostle. He is not telling a tale only, he is also proclaiming the Christ, preaching the 'good news'—the 'blithe message' (*lieto messaggio*), as he prefers to translate it. There are chapters touched with the spirit of St. Francis. Some pages have the music and the fragrance of the early Franciscan tale, but it is a modern and not mediaeval mind which reads and renders anew the old story. There is no 'critical apparatus' in evidence in the book, no bibliography, no discussion of documents; of these 'helps' Papini's chapters are as innocent as are the pages of Bird's *Jesus the Carpenter of Nazareth*. And in the titles, as in the brevity, of its chapters the Italian volume reminds us often of the earlier English book. 'The Stable,' 'The Ox and the Ass,' 'The Shepherds,' 'The Three Magi'—such chapter-headings (there are over a hundred of them in Papini's six hundred pages) are reminiscent of the volume that is still the best of children's studies in the life of Christ. But Papini's is a book for men and not for children; with all its directness and apparent simplicity there is a subtle and allusive note in many pages which call to the full-grown mind for their appreciation and understanding. If peasants have been the first hearers of these stories drawn by Papini from the evangelists, there have been added in their present form many passages meant in their appeal for another and very different audience. Only a great student and a great writer could have achieved the seeming simplicity of many of these chapters; only thoughtful and trained readers will win to their fullest meaning. The writer has gone straight to the evangelists; he has read them as his one authentic and unquestioned source; he has found in them, not the information alone, but the inspiration also of their wonderful story; he has found in them the fulfilment of their high purpose, 'that ye may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God,' and, so believing, he has written a book instinct in all its pages with the same sacred motive. He has not criticized them, he has allowed them to criticize him and his generation, believing that 'the example of a man who has consummated in himself the ambitions of an epoch, unstable and disquieted as few ages have been, cannot be of a significance merely private and personal.' And this note sounded in the preface resounds again in the closing pages of the book—a prayer to Christ. 'Mankind, removing itself from the gospel, has found desolation and death. More than one promise and one menace have found their accomplishment. Now we have, we despairing men, only the hope of Thy return. . . . We await Thee, we shall still await Thee, despite our unworthiness and every impossibility. And all the love which can be won from our devastated hearts will be for Thee, the Crucified, who wast tormented for love of us, and who now dost torment us

with all the power of Thine unappeased love.' It is the passionate cry of a soul, of a generation, pursued by 'the Hound of Heaven.'

That note of passion is never lost in the intervening chapters; it is one of the distinctive features of this new and unique life of Christ. It warms every page with the glow of desire and devotion, it sets the book apart as one that will minister to the burning heart, and for some readers at least will kindle the flame. For Papini writes of the grace of Christ as 'a sinner saved by grace,' and the doxology as well as the doctrine of the New Testament has due place here.

Quotation is difficult from a book of this character. When the translation appears there will be much, even under that veil, to reveal to the English reader a temperament warmer and more emotional than our own, but there are many studies in the gospel story already familiar to us which would gain by some measure of this warmth. The preface alone will furnish enough to suggest the temper and something of the thought of the book: 'The memory of Christ is everywhere. On the walls of churches and of schools, on the heights of the belfries and the mountains, in the shrines of the street, by the bedside and over the tomb, countless crosses call to mind the death of the Crucified. Rase the frescoes from the churches, take away the pictures from altars and from houses, and the life of Christ fills the museums and the galleries. Cast missals, breviaries, and books of rites into the fire, and His words and His name will still be found in literature. . . . Caesar made more stir in his time than Jesus, and Plato gave more instruction. We still reason of them, but who is impassioned for Caesar or against him? And where are, to-day, Platonists and anti-Platonists? But Christ is always alive for us. There are still those who hate Him and those who love Him.' And because many hate Him, because many have left Him, never having known Him, this book is written, specially for those outside the Church—'the learned, the intellectual, the cultured, who never enter into the Church, but enter sometimes into the library, and who, never deigning to hear a preacher, will listen to the printed page.' Hence this Florentine of the twentieth century has dared to revive the decree of a greater Florentine four centuries before him, and to say to his fellow countrymen, with Savonarola, 'Make Jesus King,' and to write again, *Jesus Christus Rex Florentini*.

ARTHUR RUDMAN.

Recent Literature

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS

The Style and Literary Method of Luke. By Henry J. Cadbury. (Harvard University Press. 7s. 6d. net.)

In 1919 Mr. Cadbury dealt with the Diction of Luke and Acts in 'Harvard Theological Studies. VI.' He now examines 'The Treatment of Sources in the Gospel.' St. Luke is regarded as an individual writer of the Hellenistic age, and his language is considered as compared with that of the literary men of his time, or as displayed in his correction and paraphrase of Greek sources which he used. Two assumptions have been made which are 'all but universally accepted by competent scholars, and both of them have been justified by the fresh study of the linguistic evidence. The first is the assumption that the Third Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles were the work of the same author approximately in their present form. The second is the assumption, which accords with prevailing views on the Synoptic Problem, that the Gospel of Luke is based upon a Greek source substantially identical with our Mark and also upon further Greek memorabilia (commonly called Q) which were also used by Matthew.' All other theories have been avoided, and the attempts to show on linguistic grounds that he was a physician have been separately considered and confuted. The starting-point for a study of Luke's method of using sources is a comparison between his work and Mark. Sections of Luke derived from Mark are arranged by Luke in continuous blocks, and not interspersed, as in St. Matthew. Mr. Cadbury calls attention to the way in which Luke draws the moral at the end of a parable and the tendency to omit numerals and proper names. 'In some cases the proper names may be omitted because of their barbarous sound, in accord with strictly literary rules; but in others no such reason for the omission exists, and the effect is only to lessen the local Palestinian colouring of the narrative.'

Messrs. James Clarke & Co. send us three notable books for preachers. *The Persistent Word of God*, by John A. Hutton, D.D. (5s. net) combines studies of the Book of Jonah and the Parable of the Prodigal Son. He says that he does not know where to look in Holy Scripture, save in the last chapters of each Gospel, for any revelation of the heart of God comparable to what has been given us in Jonah. He regards the book as historical in the same sense that the Parable of the Good Samaritan is historical. There may have been such men. 'But that is of no religious consequence.' Jonah not only lived; he lives. He is a human type. The book itself has the gospel music in it. God is the God and Father of the entire world.

That is the point from which the story is viewed, and, whatever opinions a reader may hold, he will find this treatment most suggestive and beautiful. The treatment of our Lord's parable is equally suggestive.—*The Christ of Faith and the Jesus of History*, by D. M. Ross, D.D. (6s. net), has been written with a view to the difficulties and perplexities which many feel as to matters of faith. He deals with the regnant ideals of Jesus, such as the Sovereignty of Goodness and the Fatherhood of God. Then he shows how the apostles interpreted the mind of their Master. Christ's abiding presence and Lordship are brought out, and the course of development in later ages is traced. There are also chapters on Sacramentarianism and Sacerdotalism, one of which lowers the conception of the grace of God in Christ and the other narrows the access to God in Christ; and on Orthodoxy, exalting assent to doctrines about Christ over loyalty to Him in heart and life. The personality of Jesus has been the dominant factor in the development of Christianity, and the real unity of the Christian society is to be found in the one Christ-inspired life of those who own Jesus as Lord, and in the comradeship of such for realizing that vision of ideal society for which Jesus lived and died and lives for evermore. Such a book is a notable aid to faith.—Dr. Alexander Robertson's new volume, *Concerning the Soul* (6s. net), has grown out of sermons which made a great impression on those who heard them. Jesus proclaimed that the human soul is the greatest of earthly realities, a thing of infinite significance, of eternal value in the eyes of God. Is there a soul? What is it? Whence does it come? Why is it here? Those are the first questions which Dr. Robertson seeks to answer. He describes 'the soul's house of earthly sojourn,' and asks whither it goes and how it is there employed. It is a subject on which we all want guidance, and no one will regret sitting down with this volume. 'The truly Christian soul will recognize that God has drawn around our earthly life the veil of finitude in order that by struggle and effort we might win our individuality. . . . The call to-day is not to the cult of the séance, but to the cult of God.'

The Student Christian Movement issues four books of special interest. *Psychology and the Christian Life*. By the Rev. T. W. Pym, D.S.O., M.A. (4s. net). Mr. Pym thinks that we cannot afford to disregard and to neglect the use of discoveries in the realm of psychology simply because the scientific conclusions may soon have to be modified. He gives his own experience of the way in which an idea may be transformed into action. He holds that 'twice daily most of us are in a condition entirely suitable for the initiation of a suggestion without any artificial preparation'—when we first awake in the morning, but are not completely roused, and before dropping off to sleep at night. He advises that not more than fifteen to twenty minutes should be spent, and that the form of words should be positive; not 'I shall not be so bad-tempered to-day,' but 'I am really good-tempered' or 'my temper is daily improving.' It is better still to make the formula more inclusive: 'I am improving daily in every way.' Mr. Pym thinks that although the ordinary man may go a certain way, beyond that point the expert is required,

and 'of such experts we need a much larger number in all religious bodies.' 'Doctors have discovered what Christians should have known. A method of cure for mental and physical ills is now scientifically demonstrated and applied. Jesus indicated this method quite clearly two thousand years ago. In some matters, such as repentance and confession, His advice has been followed through obedience based on faith in Him.' Many will be grateful to Mr. Pym for his careful handling of a difficult problem.—*The Gospel and its Working*, by the Rev. P. J. MacLagan, D.Phil. (3s. 6d. net), grew out of lectures on the fundamentals of the gospel, and was intended to elicit questions for discussion. It shows that the Christian salvation seeks to bring men into a perfectly blessed fellowship with God and one another, which is begun now and consummated in 'glory.' The gospel announces this. We must have a gospel which can be preached to a dying man and is true to the facts of conscience and of religious experience as recorded in the Bible. A new birth is essential. The Christian life has its vital centre in a living Christ, bound to Him by gratitude and adoration, yet moving freely in accordance with its own nature, since Christ has created in us a heart of love in some degree like His own. It is a valuable study of a vital subject.—*The Pilgrim*, by J. R. Glover (6s. net), is a volume of collected papers, all of which turn upon the spiritual life. All are biblical save the introductory pages, which give the book its title, and that on 'The Religion of Martin Luther.' 'The Making of a Prophet' is a study of the call of Jeremiah; 'An Ancient Hymn of Hate' is based on Ps. cxxxvii. 'The Meaning of Christmas Day,' 'The Training at Nazareth,' 'The Writer to the Hebrews' are other subjects, and all are treated with the broad vision and the spiritual insight which have made Dr. Glover one of the most influential of our lay teachers. The closing paper on 'The Study of the Bible' has a fine plea for encouraging children to form the regular habit of Bible reading. 'Let them really read it, and they will understand fast enough what is meant for them; and what is harder, or what older (and duller) people call unsuitable, they will pass over, and it will not hurt them.' There is much in this volume to stimulate and enrich devout study.—*The Divine Inheritance* (3s. 6d. net) formed the basis of some lectures which Professor H. R. Mackintosh gave to missionaries on furlough. The cardinal thought is that all that Christians are they owe to the spontaneous love of God. He begins with the need for communion with God, which alone can save us from boredom, pain, and moral incompetence. Then the divine initiative is brought out in the fact that 'He loved us first,' and comes forth to establish new relations between Himself and men. Then follows the response of man to this Divine redemptive movement. 'Faith means life shared with Christ, in willing and reverent dependence; and this fellowship of life is equivalent to our becoming partners in Christ's redeeming energies.' The last chapter dwells on the fact that living Christianity is by nature social and corporate, and cannot exist in any other form. It is a little book, but laden with riches.

The Abingdon Press pours out a stream of important publications. Professor Rogers has drawn up *A Book of Old Testament Lessons*

(8s. net). They are printed in bold type, with a Preface pointing out the need of such a selection. A second volume gives valuable notes on each lesson (2s. net). The lectionary follows the Christian year, and draws material from the Church of England lessons, from Wesley's selection, and from Lutheran lectionaries. The work could not have been better done, and it is most timely.—*The New Testament Epistles*, by Professor Hayes (\$2.50 net), gives full Introductions to Hebrews, James, 1 and 2 Peter, Jude. It is a masterly study, which faces problems of authorship in a way that will greatly help other students.—*A Study of St. Luke's Gospel*, by Rollin H. Walker (\$1 net), on the questionnaire method is novel and arresting.—*The English Bible*, by James S. Stevens (\$1.25 net), gives passages of especial literary value, and has chapters on 'The Bible in Poetry,' 'The Songs of the Bible,' 'Figures of Speech,' and 'Passages for Special Study.' It is a unique presentation of the contents of the Scriptures.—*Followers of the Marked Trail* (90 cents) is a Teacher's Manual which shows how to handle Bible lessons.—*Apostles, Fathers, Reformers*, by J. B. Ascham (\$1.50 net), traces the chief incidents in the development of Christianity from the beginning of the Church at Jerusalem, to the close of the Reformation. Such chapters as 'Christianity's Appeal for World Tolerance' and 'The Ethical Task of Christianity' are full of facts, and the suggestions for discussion and the 'Reading Reformers' are very helpful.—Dr. Hough's *Opinions of John Clearfield* (\$1.25 net) are full of discrimination, and they are so racy that it is a pleasure to read them.—*John Ruskin, Preacher, and Other Essays*, by Lewis H. Chrisman (\$1.25 net), gives eleven studies, chiefly literary, but all full of interest.—*Cross-Lots*, by G. C. Peck (\$1.25 net), is another volume of essays marked by happy wit and epigram. It is a delightful book.—*Elements of Personal Christianity*, by W. S. Mitchell (75 cents net), asks who is a Christian, and dwells on matters of creed and conduct in a very helpful way. 'Guide-posts and Question Marks' at the end of each chapter fasten the subjects discussed on the memory.—*Social Rebuilders*, by C. R. Brown (\$1.25 net), is the Mendenhall Lectures for 1921. The five chapters seek to show the way out of our present confusion and distress. The call is for those who will stamp history with the likeness of Christ. It is emphatically a book for the times.—So also is *The Untried Civilization*, by J. W. Frazer (\$1 net), which shows that Christianity is a plan and a power for the salvation of humanity alike from individual sin and social chaos.—*The Meaning of Education*, by J. H. Snowden (75 cents net), is a study of the psychology of education. It begins with the education of the body, and passes to the intellect, will, and spirit. Teachers will find it of special importance as a brief and scholarly presentation of a subject of growing interest.—*Dust and Destiny*, by M. S. Rice (\$1.50 net). Fifteen sermons printed as they were preached, with homely touches and incidents which come close to the heart.—We are glad to see the tribute to Percy Ainsworth's *The Blessed Life* as the best interpretation of our Lord's Beatitudes known to the preacher. The sermons are full of vigour, and are practical throughout.—*The Contemporary Christ*, by Joseph M. M. Gray (\$2 net). A fine volume of sermons which deserve the praise given them by Dr. Parkes

Cadman. They are on familiar texts, but they throw a new halo round them, and faith and courage deepen as we read them.—*The Lesson Handbook for 1922* has been prepared with great skill by Henry H. Meyer (40 cents net), and seems to meet every need of teachers in the most concise and suggestive way.

The Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge publish *The Resurrection of the Flesh*, by the Rev. John T. Darragh, D.D. (18s. net). The writer feels that 'if the body is to survive the shock of death and be reunited in its integral essence with the soul, it lends dignity to the body, both by way of inspiration and of restraint, which belief in the immortality of the soul by itself could never do.' He has brought together for the first time a complete review of Christian methods of explaining the doctrine to contemporary Christians during eighteen hundred years. No important utterance of any writer of eminence has been knowingly omitted. Dr. Darragh says that the accepted teachers of the Church in many lands agree that 'the body which functions now will be raised up then, the same yet not the same. The identity is not swallowed up by the mighty change that has taken place, nor has the adaptation to a totally different environment wiped out the identity.'—*The Message of Hosea*. By Melville Scott, D.D. (8s. 6d. net). The problems presented by the first three chapters, which are independent of the rest of the book, are carefully considered, and Hosea's whole message is clearly educed. 'A mistaken criticism has cut out all references to restoration from the pages of Hosea's prophecy. It has been a joy to have put back these references into their original place in his prophecy; but this would be of little value if they were not words of truth. The message of Hosea rightly interpreted has it in its power not merely to foretell, but to effect restoration.' We have much to thank Prebendary Scott for in this valuable study.—*Christian Apologists in the Second Century in their Relation to Modern Thought*. By Philip Carrington, M.A. (7s. 6d. net). The Dean of Christchurch, New Zealand, takes a new view of the early Christian Apologists. He pictures their environment, and describes their contributions to the defence of the new religion as the only one worthy of consideration. Their view of the Old Testament, their attitude towards the philosophers, the superstitions of the time, and the State are well brought out. The closing chapter on 'Christianity and Modern Thought' has some valuable suggestions for the present day. 'The Church has been far too hesitant in her apologetic. She has been dominated by the idea of making her message acceptable to modern thought, a method which never succeeds in practice.' It is a well-written and instructive study.—*Twenty-five Consecration Prayers, with Notes and Introduction*. By Arthur Linton. (7s. 6d. net). This learned little volume gives the great Eucharistic prayers of the Church in full, 'but with the intercessions indicated only, the rubrics omitted, and the responses of deacon and people inserted in brackets, so as to make more easy the comparison of each with the Anglican prayer.' The Introduction shows that the liturgies fall into four groups: the Antiochene or Syrian, the Alexandrian or Egyptian, the Gallican, and the Roman. Their distinctive features are pointed out in the

full and learned Introduction. It is a book that students of liturgies will greatly value.—*Divorce in the New Testament.* By G. H. Box, D.D. and Charles Gore, D.D. (2s. net). This is an answer to Dr. Charles's study of the same subject, in which he maintained 'by new and rather astonishing arguments' that in the teaching of Christ marriage is indissoluble save for adultery, which dissolves it and sets the innocent party free to remarry.' The writers hold, on the contrary, that in the Gospel accounts of our Lord's teaching marriage is indissoluble, except by death. It is an acute and powerful discussion of the question, and will be of much service to those who are deeply concerned for the purity of our family life.

St. Mark, vol. iv. By J. D. Jones, D.D. (R.T.S. 5s. net.) The three last chapters of the Gospel are here treated in thirty-four devotional studies, which begin with 'Mary and her Alabaster Box' and end with 'The Labour of the Disciples.' If Mark 'had been a literary artist, intent mainly upon effect, he could not have grouped his incidents more admirably than he has done' when he sets side by side the plotting of the chief priests in the palace and Mary breaking her alabaster box in Simon's house. Every study in this commentary is fused with feeling, and brings one close to Christ. The eleven were to Him what his knights were to Arthur. 'When they sat at His table they pledged themselves to His service. It was a beautiful sacrament of friendship. And that is what the Supper is still. It is only for the *friends of Christ*.' It is a piece of work that will promote true and deep devotion to Christ.—*Who are Members of the Church?* By Darwell Stone, D.D., and F. W. Puller, M.A. (Longmans & Co., 2s. 6d. net.) This pamphlet seeks to show that the Lambeth Conference's definition of the qualifications which give a right to share membership in the Church is not in harmony with the teaching of the Fathers or of Holy Scripture. Faith in Christ and baptism into the name of the Holy Trinity were the notes laid down by the bishops. The writers of this pamphlet hold that the Church Militant is a society consisting of all those who believe in Christ, and have been validly baptized, and are in fellowship with one or other of those organized groups of Christians which possess a legitimately appointed ministry deriving its authority from the Apostles, and profess the truth once for all delivered to the saints. This stricter definition they hold to be in harmony with the historic tradition of the Church which is based on Holy Scripture. No one can doubt that the Church has power to excommunicate contumacious heretics and those who have fallen into grave sin and refused to repent. Dissenters take that course perhaps more carefully than Anglicans, but we fail to see how that affects the Lambeth definition. Nor is the question of 'persons baptized in schism' more satisfactorily settled. We do not think the writers prove their case, despite their learning.—*Notes on the Scripture Lessons for the Year 1922*, vol. lxxviii. (National Sunday School Union, 6s.). The first of these volumes appeared in 1844, so that it has a long experience behind it of the needs of teachers and scholars. It provides both for adult Bible classes and for primary classes. The international lessons are treated by three experts, who furnish exposition, application, and illustrations, with valuable

suggestions to teachers. The material is put in the most compact and interesting way. The primary lessons are skilfully adapted to meet the needs of younger scholars. Editorial articles and monthly nature talks are also given. It is wonderfully complete and helpful in the best sense. The volume is edited by Mr. J. E. Feasey, a skilled teacher, and the principal contributors are Dr. Alexander Ramsay, the Rev. Arthur Rudman, and Miss Coley.—*The Manner of the Master and Studies in His Teaching*. By Alfred H. Lowe, B.D. (Epworth Press, 5s. net.) This little volume attempts to set forth some aspects of the chief themes in the teaching of Jesus. His words are charged with reality. He moves among homely things at Nazareth, and they make His sayings and parables natural and easily understood by the common people. Having brought this out clearly, Mr. Lowe proceeds to study our Lord's teaching as to the Father's love, the kingdom of heaven, righteousness, sin, the sacred day, the soul, and immortality. It is all fresh and suggestive—a little book on which much study has been expended, and which will help all who read it.—*Forty Doctrines of Christianity*, by J. A. Clapperton, M.A. (Epworth Press), is an outline prepared for young students. Opposite each truth is a brief explanation of its meaning, and one or more proof texts. It is a very helpful and most compact arrangement, and should be of great service.—*Why does not God Prevent all Evil?* (Epworth Press, 2s. net.) This second part of Dr. Ballard's *Christian Theism Justified* deals with a problem which has taxed all ages, and finds in the non-intervention at Calvary a clue to the mystery. The study is a real aid to faith.—*A Glimpse of Heaven and Heavenly Comfort*. (Amersham: Chevalier and Morland, 2s. net.) A sacred song and a hymn of joy and confidence which are beautifully expressed and set to music, which will be much appreciated.—*The Torch Catechism*. (Allenson, 1s. net.) The main object of this little catechism is to help children. The questions are simple, the answers clear, and the supplementary notes will help teacher or parent to enlarge where necessary. The explanation of a sacrament is not satisfactory, and the answer to the question 'What is death?' makes one smile: 'Death means leaving our bodies when the time comes to live without them.'—*Christ and International Life*, by Edith Picton-Turberville. (Morgan and Scott, 3s. 6d. net.) Miss Turberville writes well and has thoroughly studied her subject. For her Christ is supreme among the immortals 'because through Him is revealed to all nations the Universality of God.' Civilization is doomed unless there is a new internationalism, based on the brotherhood of man as taught by Jesus Christ. Only so far as men and women to-day are prepared to translate His teaching of service into national and international life and thought, will the clouds that rest in the world to-day be lifted. It is a book of large vision and high hope.—*Christ's Challenge to Caesar*, by W. Souper, M.A. (Morgan and Scott, 2s. 6d. net.) An interesting set of studies of the Roman contemporaries of Christ and His apostles. The chief facts about Augustus Caesar, Nero, Pontius Pilate, Pliny the younger, and others, are given with details which shed many a vivid gleam on New Testament history. It is certainly a gallery of 'live men—sinning, suffering, sorrowing, rejoicing.'

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

A History of the Cambridge University Press, 1521-1921. By
S. C. Roberts, M.A. (Cambridge University Press.
17s. 6d. net.)

This volume has been written to mark the four hundredth anniversary of Cambridge printing. John Siberch, the first printer, was a friend of Erasmus and other leading humanists of the period. John Lair came from Siegburg, a small town south-west of Cologne, and probably lived in Cambridge from 1520 to 1523, at a tenement called The King's Arms. He printed some books of John Lydgate and of Erasmus, who was then residing at Cambridge. The name of his tenement explains his use of the royal arms as a printer's device. In 1520 or 1521 the University advanced him £20, probably to help him in establishing a press. Eight complete specimens of his work have been preserved. The first is an *Oratio* by Henry Bullock, D.D., in honour of Cardinal Wolsey's visit to the University in 1520. A page of it is here shown in facsimile, and the title page of the second and rarest of Siberch's volumes is also given. Many details are furnished of the printers who followed Siberch. Thomas Thomas, appointed in 1588, began the same year to print at Cambridge a work by William Whitaker. The Press was harassed by theological suspicion and by the jealousy of the London printers. Thomas's greatest achievement was his Latin dictionary, the production of which is said to have hastened his death in 1588. The Stationers of London printed this, and there were constant disputes between them and the University printers. Thomas Buck's name stands high in the annals of Cambridge typography, and his first Cambridge edition of the Authorized Version, printed in 1629, is a fine book, with an elaborately engraved title-page, of which a facsimile is here given. He and his partners printed books for Giles and Phineas Fletcher. George Herbert's *Temple*, and works by Crashaw and Donne, came from their press, and they printed the first edition of Milton's *Lycidas*, of which a page is given in facsimile, with the poet's corrections. Richard Bentley took a leading part in the revival of Cambridge typography at the end of the seventeenth century. The first Press Syndicate was formed in 1698, and Bentley's famous edition of Horace appeared in 1711. A great advance was made a century later, when the Syndics consulted Mr. Clowes, of London, and he sent his overseer, John William Parker, to examine the Press. Mr. Clowes was appointed superintendent of the Press in 1829 at a salary of £400, on the condition that he executed the London business whilst Parker undertook the actual superintendence at Cambridge. Parker introduced many reforms, and in 1836 was appointed University printer. He visited Cambridge two days every fortnight, and in 1838 could furnish fifty-six different editions of the Bible and Prayer-book. He had established a publishing house in the Strand

in 1832, and acted as agent for the Cambridge Bibles and other works. He retired in 1854, when Mr. C. J. Clay became printer. At the end of ten years it was estimated that the Press produced four or five times as much as when he took charge. In 1872 the Syndics ceased to employ agents and became themselves London publishers. John Clay became a partner in 1882, and from 1886 to 1904 Mr. C. F. Clay was also associated with the business. Mr. J. B. Peace became printer in 1916. The Press is famous for its mathematical typography, and prints works in many languages. Every month an average of forty tons of printed matter is delivered to London binders. The books published have won a world-wide reputation, and have earned the gratitude of all lovers of the Bible and the best scholarship. A staff of about two hundred and eighty is employed in Cambridge and one hundred and ten in Fetter Lane.

The Later Periods of Quakerism. By Rufus M. Jones, M.A., D.Litt., D.D. Two Volumes. (Macmillan & Co. 30s. net.)

This work describes the profound transformation which in the eighteenth century carried a large proportion of the Friends both in England and America over from a mystical to an evangelical basis. Though it was late, and though the main influence came from the evangelical leaders in the English Church rather than directly from the leaders of Methodism, there can be little question, Dr. Jones says, that this religious emphasis, which was a characteristic feature of the Wesleyan revival, was the primary cause of the transformation of Quakerism. He considers that the mystical basis of religion, which concerns the soul's direct relation to God, agrees better than any other with what we know of the verified facts of life. In these volumes, however, he is not mainly concerned with theological views, but with the complex life, the social ideals, the currents and movements of Quakerism in England and America. He begins with typical leaders during the eighteenth century, such as Samuel Bownas, who was born in Westmorland in 1676, and accomplished a large spiritual work, both in Great Britain and America. He reunited divided meetings; awakened and convinced the unconcerned; and continued to grow and advance to the end of his life. The lives chosen for consideration represent the solid spiritual nucleus of the Society in the first half of the eighteenth century. They were sure of God, and lived in a world of rather sordid aims and increasing scepticism, with their sensitive souls open inward toward eternal realities. The chapters on Quietism are of special interest. Barclay's *Apology* was the primary influence which turned Friends towards Quietism. John Woolman shows the Quietist temper in all aspects of his religious life, both outer and inner. Quietist ideals gained a controlling influence over the rank and file, till at the end of the eighteenth century the Society was penetrated and possessed by them. Many will turn eagerly to the chapter on 'Memorable Quaker Customs.' The use of the singular pronoun in addressing any one goes back to the beginning of the Society, but its importance increased with time. Plain speech was a badge, or

hedge, which separated Friends from the world, and bound them together into a peculiar unity. The insistence upon plainness of dress was even more emphatic. 'It became a form, a yoke, a burden, a bondage. It occupied the foreground far too much. It got in the way of the freer interpretation of the aims and purposes of life.' When the awakening came in America interest centred in the conversion of souls; in England the movement was humanistic and social rather than theological. Friends took an active part in parliamentary and municipal affairs; they turned their attention to the elevation of the public Press, to city planning, and to many other ways of raising the scale and value of life in town and country. The Adult School Movement was their special work. It took the members out of themselves and made them eager to live and sacrifice for others. It gave them deep and intense human interests, sympathy, and fellowship. As to the present outlook, Dr. Jones holds that Friends cultivate the ministry of revealing God far too feebly. They ought also to help the Christian Churches in promoting lay religion. 'The central Quaker faith that God is immanent Spirit is still a live faith, and one which needs the continuous and successive testimony and interpretation of experience.'

John Wesley and the Religious Societies. By John S. Simon, D.D. (Epworth Press. 18s. net.)

The relation between the Methodist Societies and the Religious Societies of the Church of England was so intimate that Wesley's work cannot be understood without a knowledge of that of Beveridge, Horneck, and Smithies. Dr. Simon has devoted long and careful research to this subject, and his volume throws a flood of light on the conditions under which Wesley carried on his great campaign. In a letter of 1760 Wesley states that the reading of *The Country Parson's Advice to His Parishioners* led to the formation of the Holy Club at Oxford. The Religious Societies had been instituted two years before this book appeared, and it is natural to suppose that its writer knew what they were doing in Westminster and elsewhere. Dr. Simon gives the rules which Dr. Horneck drew up for them, and describes the way in which the Societies developed and extended their influence. We then step into the circle of Westleys and Annesleys, and watch the life of Epworth Rectory, where Susanna Wesley fulfilled her great mission for the world. We next follow her sons to Oxford, and see the Holy Club exciting the attention of the University. The story is familiar, but it has never been told with more instructive detail than in this volume. Georgia enabled Wesley to test his Oxford practices and principles, and 'The Great Change' in Aldersgate Street prepared him for his service as the evangelist of England. The Religious Society formed in Fetter Lane on May 1, 1738, had no rule limiting membership to those who belonged to the Church of England, and it contained regulations for the establishment of bands and the appointment of their leaders, which the older Religious Societies did not. The chapters on Charles Wesley and George Whitefield are of deepest importance, and show how the gifts of the three chief instruments of the Evangelical Revival

supplemented and enforced their combined influence and service. Dr. Simon is on familiar ground when he passes to the scenes in Bristol where Wesley began his field-preaching. We see the city as Wesley looked upon it, and notice how much of its prosperity was due to the American and West Indian trades. In 1736 there was an alehouse for every sixteen private houses. It was one of the principal slave ports of the country, if it was not the chief. Wesley's appearance on this scene is described with much detail, and before the volume closes we watch the formation of his new Society at the Foundery, in London. His conversion had changed his view of the neglected doctrines of the Church and had modified his ecclesiastical position. 'It did more. It made him an evangelist filled with an insatiable desire to save the souls of men. He preached, won great successes, but was deeply concerned that those who were impressed by his preaching should be gathered into Societies, in which they might be safeguarded, and trained in the doctrines, privileges, and duties of the Christian religion.' His Societies were the outcome of this conviction, and their supreme aim was 'to spread Scriptural holiness over the land.' This is a piece of work born of ripe knowledge and masterly grasp of the whole subject.

Rabindranath Tagore: His Life and Work. By E. J. Thompson, B.A., M.C. (Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d. net.)

This is the best study of the great Bengali poet that we have yet had. It belongs to 'The Heritage of India Series,' and is written by a friend of Tagore's who is himself a gifted poet. It is warmly appreciative, yet discriminating in its criticism, and the interest of the study is sustained from first to last. The poet was fortunate in his home and surroundings. His grandfather was the chief supporter of Rammohan Ray, the founder of the Brahmo Samaj. He left to his son, the Maharshi, a confused tradition of regal magnificence and extravagance and a load of heavy debt, which his son paid, 'going very far beyond any legal obligation.' The family has been rich in genius and talent. Rabindranath's eldest brother is a distinguished philosopher, another a gifted artist. A third was the first Indian to enter the Civil Service. Two nephews are 'the Great Twin Brethren of Bengali, or, indeed, Indian Art.' Rabindranath was born in 1861, and made his first venture into print before he was fifteen. 'He thus has the doubtful honour of standing beside Cowley and Mrs. Browning in precocity; and his first productions were no more valuable than theirs.' Mr. Thompson traces his development, and shows that his poetry has been the faithful transcript of his soul. When his mind has been confused and muddled, his poetry has been clouded and clogged. When his mind has attained to serenity, he has achieved that poise and calm for which he is best known in the West. In 1901 he founded his famous school near Bolpur, where he sought to keep the children close to Nature and free to expand into love of beauty and of God. He hopes to see a World-University at Santiniketan, the 'Home of Peace' at Bolpur. Between 1901 and 1907 he became a novelist and wrote *Gora*, the

greatest novel in Bengali. His political period came in 1905, when Bengal went mad about the Partition. For two years no voice and pen were more powerful than his; then he suddenly resigned all his political associations and gave himself to meditation and poetry at Santiniketan. *Gitanjali* appeared in 1909 and made his reputation world-wide. But he published too much and dimmed his own fame. Since his fifth foreign tour in 1920, however, he has written 'prose as intricate and beautiful as he has ever written, and poetry that ranks with his best.' He has been much influenced by Shelley, Keats, and Browning. He is essentially a lyrical poet. He has no doubt been influenced by Christian thought, especially by the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God. Nominally he belongs to the parent body, the Adi Brahma Samaj, but he rarely attends a service unless he is himself the preacher. His sympathies are now rather with the democratic branch of the Samaj, which numbers in its ranks a remarkable proportion of influential and well-known men. What matters to him is his personal experience of God. 'God is strangely close to his thought.' Mr. Thompson describes him as 'the most interesting of companions, witty and alive to every thought that rises. His gentleness and courage, his consideration, the dignity and nobility of his features, all combine to make him a personality whose fascination posterity will not be able to guess.' All lovers of Rabindranath Tagore will feel the charm of this skilful delineation of his character and his work.

A Life's Oblation. By Marthe Alambert. (Burns, Oates & Washbourne. 6s. net.)

This biography of Geneviève Hennet de Goutel has been translated from the French by L. M. Leggatt. As its last sentence puts it, 'The story of every sanctified life belongs to the whole Catholic world, and that is why this book was written.' It was well worth writing, and it could not have been done with more taste and feeling. The Abbé Sertillanges says in his Introduction that she 'threw herself whole-heartedly into work for the Christian cause, without waiting till some disappointment had detached her from the world.' The anguish of doubt 'tortured her between the ages of eighteen and twenty; her faith was eclipsed, promiscuous reading unsettled her, and the mediocrity of some practising Catholics gave a shock to her logical mind. She wavered, lost heart, and racked her brains for a solution; but, finding no answer in study, she took refuge in charity.' She was the grandchild of two painters who made friends in the studio of Ingres, and on the maternal side came from the Provençal family of Balze. Her grandfather took her as a child to the Louvre, where she listened, asked questions, and gazed long at his favourite pictures. At home she watched her father working at illuminations or aqua-fortis. Her mother was also a clever artist, and taught her daughter to see the faults or beauties of a work of art, in detail or as a whole. The girl read widely and suffered much in her period of doubt, but at last she found a home for her spirit among the Sillonistes. 'She was in the midst of truly brotherly workers who, instead of philosophizing over the troubles

of others, set themselves practically to work to relieve them.' That brought her into association with 'Catholics whose faith was really dear to them; they lived by it, and put it before everything, hesitating at no sacrifice in order to live up to their religion.' It was a great trial when Le Sillon was condemned by the Pope in the summer of 1910. She took up drawing and water-colours as a profession, and found much joy in her work. 'A self-satisfied artist,' she writes, 'is not worthy the name; the higher we go, the more we understand the distance between reality and achievement.' She kept up her meetings for work-girls and shop-hands, played classic music for them, and inspired them to love all that was lovely and of good report. She felt that her vocation was to nurse the sick poor, and started work as a probationer in a Paris Training Hospital on November 11, 1918. She was thus prepared for service when the Great War broke out. After various experiences she joined a Red Cross detachment, going to Roumania. There she volunteered for work among the typhus patients, and fell a victim to the disease on March 4, 1917. 'It seemed ordained that Geneviève Hennet de Goutel should be the guide, consoler, and friend of all those who crossed her path in this world.'

Down Thames Street. A Pilgrimage among its Remaining Churches. Written and Illustrated by Mark Knowles, R.B.S. (Robert Scott. 25s. net.)

Mr. Knowles wrote an earlier account of four churches in Thames Street which has led up to the present volume. Of the twenty-four that stood here before the Great Fire ten were not rebuilt, and the rest have gradually dwindled to six. In an introductory chapter many interesting details are given as to the street, the river, and the vanished churches. Six chapters follow devoted to St. Benet with St. Peter's, Paul's Wharf; St. James, Garlickhithe; St. Michael's, Paternoster Royal; St. Magnus with St. Margaret; St. Mary at Hill with St. Andrew Hubbard, St. Dunstan in the East. One hundred and sixty-two drawings and many transcripts give some conception of the monuments, the pulpits, reading-desks, panels of arms, communion tables and plate, fonts, vases, and other treasures. St. Benet is now the Welsh Metropolitan Church with a Sunday evening congregation of over seventy, 'all present taking a large part in the music, with a surpliced choir, and the organ'; the whole service being more fervid and emotional than is customary in the Church of England. The altar piece of St. James, the picture of the Ascension by Andrew Geddes is painted after much study of the Venetian work in the Louvre. There is a touching epitaph by Dr. Burnet to his wife: 'In her were amiably blended the characters of Martha and Mary whom Jesus loved. Her portrait is drawn in Proverbs xxxi. 10, to the end.' Extracts are given from the churchwarden's accounts: a Bible and prayer book cost £8 7s. 6d. in 1682-3; next year 4s. is paid for 'rods for the boys'; a bonfire on 'his Majesties' Birthday costs 7s. 8d. The Church of St. Magnus the Martyr has a memorable history, and here Miles Coverdale is buried. The quiet beauty of the cupola in St. Mary at Hill entitles it to rank among

Wren's best work. St. Dunstan in the East has the arms of Archbishop Tenison carved in wood in the vestry, and the reading-desk and pulpit are of unusual design and dignity, though they are so elbowed by pews that their beauty is not seen. The monuments are the finest series in the churches here visited, and their spacing and arrangement add to the beauty of the building. Mr. Knowles doubts whether any other street could have been so well worth the work involved, or so rich in unexpected results. It will open the eyes of many Londoners to the treasures that are in their midst.

The Place of Methodism in the Catholic Church. By Herbert B. Workman, D.D. (Epworth Press. 5s. net.)

The author reprints in this volume a study which appeared as the Introduction to the *New History of Methodism*. It is revised, expanded, and brought up to date. Dr. Workman brings his historical scholarship and knowledge of previous phases of Christian thought to aid in an interpretation of Methodism which is illuminating and helpful to the modern mind. While much that was distinctive of early Methodist teaching has now passed into the common fund of Protestant thought, there is still room for an exposition of such doctrines as those of assurance and holiness in the new light of psychological research and the science of sociology. The author shows how the peril of excessive individualism is being counteracted by the appeal to collective experience to which 'Methodism to-day pays ever-increasing attention.' A further development of Methodist preaching recognizes that 'it is the will, and not the intellect or feelings, that lies at the basis of experience.' Such aspects of Methodism need a deeper consideration than they receive from the average member of our Church, and Dr. Workman's treatment of them merits wide and thoughtful attention. The volume, in fact, is full of valuable matter in a condensed form—a feature which causes regret that no index is appended as a guide to its many references to history, theology, and philosophy.

A History of American Literature. Vols. 3 and 4. (Cambridge University Press. 30s. net per volume.)

These volumes bring the History of American Literature to a close. It is supplementary to *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, and is edited by three University professors of English and English Literature, Dr. Trent and Dr. Erskine of Columbia; and Dr. Sherman of Illinois, with Dr. Van Doren, Literary Editor of *The Nation*. About twenty-seven writers are responsible for the various chapters. The Bibliographies cover more than 190 closely printed pages and the double-column index extends to forty-three pages. The chapter on 'Popular Bibles' gives a detailed account of *The Book of Mormon* and *Science and Health*. There are also valuable chapters on Book Publishers and Publishing; the English Language in America; and non-English writings—German, French, Yiddish, Aboriginal. The chapters are kept within modest dimensions and form an excellent critical guide to the best works of each author included in the survey. Professor Sherman's estimate of Mark Twain forms the first chapter, and will be read with the deepest

interest. He 'counts as an influence because he is an innovator.' His books furnish a disillusioned treatment of history and 'a fearless exploitation of "the natural man," or, the next thing to it, "the free-born American," and, lastly, a certain strain of naturalistic pessimism.' High praise is paid to the Methodist preacher, Edward Eggleston. 'With greater range and fire he might have been an international figure as well as the earliest American realist whose work is still remembered.' The Studies of Howells and Henry and William James are of special interest, and many will turn with pleasure to the pages devoted to Washington Gladden and Phillips Brooks among the theologians. English readers could have no better introduction than these volumes furnish to every side of American literature.—Many will be glad to have Mr. Guppy's *Dante Aligheri*, in commemoration of the six hundredth anniversary of the poet's death. It is reprinted from *The Bulletin of the John Rylands Library* for private circulation, and gives many interesting facts as to translations and editions of the *Divina Commedia*.—Professor Tout's *The Place of St. Thomas of Canterbury in History* is also reprinted from the Bulletin (Manchester University Press, 1s. 6d. net). It describes his place in the Church, his influence as archbishop, and his posthumous history. 'England had at last produced a saint of world-wide reputation, whose tomb rivalled the shrine of the three kings and the eleven thousand virgins of Cologne, or the burial-place of St. James at Compostella, in Spain.' It is an illuminating survey.—A brief record of twenty-one years' work in the Rylands Library (1s. net) is also given us by Mr. Guppy. It is illustrated with forty-three views and facsimiles, and is re-issued in this form to signalize the visit of the Library Association to Manchester. It gives the history of the foundation and development of the Library, and describes its contents in the clearest fashion. Manchester may well be proud of the Library and its gifted and resourceful librarian.—*Moulton of Tonga*. By J. Egan Moulton, with the co-operation of W. Fiddian Moulton. (Epworth Press, 5s. net.) Dr. Egan Moulton was not the least gifted of the four far-famed brothers. Professor R. G. Moulton regards him as the most interesting man he ever met. He went out to Australia in 1863, and for more than thirty years devoted himself to the cause of Christian education and Bible translation in Tonga. The jealousy and ambition of Mr. Baker, who became Prime Minister and set up a rival church and college, entailed much hardship and persecution, but Mr. Moulton lived to see that evil influence removed, and became the chairman of the mission that he had fostered with unique ability and never-failing devotion. The story is well told, and it was well worth telling. It brings us into the presence of a rarely gifted man, who did memorable work for a solitary group of islands, and helped to build up there a noble type of Christian character.—*An Afghan Pioneer*, by L. F. Musgrave (Church Missionary Society, 1s.), is the story of Jahan Khan, a Pathan lad who was the firstfruits of Dr. Pennell's work on the borders of Afghanistan. He had to suffer much from the Mohammedans, but is now in charge of the hospital at Karak, a light-bearer to the tribesmen of the north-west frontier. It is a beautiful picture of a conversion from Islam.

GENERAL

The Analysis of Mind. By Bertrand Russell, F.R.S. (Allen & Unwin. 16s. net.)

This volume is an important addition to the 'Library of Philosophy.' It has grown out of an attempt to harmonize two different tendencies, one in psychology, the other in physics. With both of these Mr. Russell is in sympathy. 'Many psychologists, especially those of the behaviourist school, tend to adopt what is essentially a materialistic position, as a matter of method if not of metaphysics. They make psychology increasingly dependent on physiology and external observation, and tend to think of matter as something much more solid and indubitable than mind. Meanwhile the physicists, especially Einstein and other exponents of the theory of relativity, have been making "matter" less and less material. Their world consists of "events," from which matter is derived by a logical construction.' Mr. Russell points out that an old-fashioned materialism can receive no support from modern physics. He thinks that what has 'permanent value in the outlook of the behaviourists is the feeling that physics is the most fundamental science at present in existence. But this position cannot be called materialism, if, as seems to be the case, physics does not assume the existence of matter.' He adopts the view of William James and the American new realists that the 'stuff' of the world is neither mental nor material, but a 'neutral stuff,' out of which both are constructed. In fifteen lectures, singularly lucid and easy to follow, Mr. Russell analyses what really takes place when we believe or desire. He criticizes the view generally held as to consciousness, and holds that the popular view of instinct, as infallible and preternaturally wise, as well as incapable of modification, is a complete delusion. He leans, with certain reservations, to the position of the behaviourists, who explain desire as the result of a behaviour-cycle. 'The hungry animal goes on making movements until it gets food; it seems natural, therefore, to suppose that the idea of food is present throughout the process, and that the thought of the end to be achieved sets the whole process in motion.' In the case of human beings, 'it seems clear that what with us sets a behaviour-cycle in motion is some sensation of the sort which we call disagreeable.' Consciousness he regards as a mere spectator of the process. This does not do justice, we think, to the mental process which recalls and reasons as to the result of an action, and shapes its future conduct in accordance with that knowledge. When he comes to consider introspection, Mr. Russell seeks to show that the stuff of our mental life is devoid of many qualities which it is commonly supposed to have, and is not possessed of any attributes which make it incapable of forming part of the world of matter. In his last lecture he draws the distinction between physics and psychology. The nerves and

brain are matter. 'Psychology is concerned, *inter alia*, with our sensations when we see a piece of matter, as opposed to the matter which we see.' Mr. Russell's conclusion is that mind and matter are alike logical constructions, and that 'all our data, both in physics and psychology, are subject to psychological causal laws; but physical causal laws, strictly speaking, can only be stated in terms of matter, which is both inferred and constructed, never a datum. In this respect psychology is nearer to what actually exists.' It is a valuable study from which those who cannot accept all its conclusions will find both interest and illumination.

1. *Weeping-Cross and other Rimes*. By A. H. Bullen. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 5s.)

2. *Shakespeare's Sonnets*. (Oxford: Blackwell, 10s. 6d. net.)

1. The sketch of Mr. Bullen prefixed to this little volume of his poems dwells on the tragic side of his life. He opened a new door in English publishing, but found that he had no eager crowd of supporters, though he was 'the incomparable editor of old plays, the rediscoverer of lost or forgotten lyrics, the wise and wide-ranged Sylvanus of the Note-Books.' His friend, M. T. D., says, 'At the end of a troubled life it was sorrow taught him to sing, and these, his nurslings of Warwickshire fields and hedges, were born of a profound sadness, the sadness of a loving, lovable, yet wholly misunderstood man.' His verse was made as, dog at heel, he paced the great field that leads to Shottery, and he would ask his friend almost incredulously, 'Do you really think it good?' In 1916 Christmas found him without any gift for his friends. He therefore printed *The Willow*, a thin volume of poems. The edition was limited to twenty-five copies. Next Christmas thirty copies of another thin volume were printed. 'Weeping-Cross,' which gave the book its title, tells the story of its author's life far better than any biography, however lovingly or carefully compiled, will ever do. One well-known critic wrote, 'I am delighted with "Weeping-Cross," with its wisdom, and its music, and its scholarship.' Some of the translations are very felicitous. 'Runaway Gold' is a rendering of a corrupt text, but that gives the more freedom to the translator's mood. 'Light o' Love' is delightful. The volume has a charm all its own, and underneath its varied music we feel the pulse of the poet who did so much for Shakespeare and the Elizabethan singers and dramatists, and now rests in the churchyard of Luddington, 'within sound of the lapping waters of the Avon, a very home of peace.'

2. This edition of *Shakespeare's Sonnets*, printed at The Shakespeare Head, Stratford-upon-Avon, contains a Note which Mr. Bullen completed in pencil in February, 1920, six days before he died. It is his last contribution to the study of Elizabethan literature, and gives a spirited sketch of Mary Fitton and her intrigue with the Earl of Pembroke. The brief list of doubtful readings shows the skill and insight which the editor brought to bear on the text. It is an edition that is a worthy memorial both of the great Elizabethan

and his modern disciple. The Foreword by Mr. Brett-Smith is a fine tribute to Bullen's achievement as editor and as publisher. Swinburne wrote in 1882, 'I know of no books of their kind better edited than your *Old English Plays*, including the works of John Day.' Bullen's industry and enterprise come out in this survey of his work, and one's only regret is that it did not command a more remunerative sale. He had the modesty of the true scholar, yet he knew the value of the work he had done. Mr. Charles Whibley said that 'no man of his time more profoundly studied or more wisely interpreted the literature of the Elizabethan age than he.' That is high praise, but one rises from studying this volume and its Foreword feeling that it was fully deserved.

A Traveller in Little Things. By W. H. Hudson. (Dent & Sons. 10s. 6d. net.)

The title of this book was taken from a venerable commercial traveller at Bristol, who explained Mr. Hudson's knowledge of village life by saying, 'You are a traveller in little things—in something very small—which takes you into the villages and hamlets.' That is certainly the world into which these brief and racy sketches lead us. Mr. Hudson loves a quiet scene, and little that goes on there escapes his notice, or fails to awake his interest. He looks into the mind of village folk, seeing the old man who feels that the world is not what it was in his youth but fails to see that the change is not in Nature but in himself. He shows us how impressions linger in homely minds and old scenes keep their hold, even after years have passed. His three stories of two brothers bring out the pathos and tragedy of life. We visit a village in Surrey and another in Wiltshire; we get to know little country maidens, and laugh over the traveller who was charged two shillings at the inn for the first mackerel he had ever caught. His indignant remonstrance reduced the price by threepence, yet it proved the cheapest fish he had ever had, because it furnished a never-ceasing theme for amusement both to himself and his best customer. Mr. Hudson certainly gleans the harvest of the quiet eye, and it is a pleasure to watch him at work.

Small Talk at Wreyland. By Cecil Torr. Second Series. (Cambridge University Press. 9s. net.)

Mr. Torr's small talk is as entertaining and illuminating as ever. It lights up the life of his little Devonshire hamlet by many a quaint saying, and ranges far and wide, to his school and college life, Italy, Athens, Jerusalem, and other places where he has roved as collector of vases and as traveller. The talk begins with the first aeroplane which passed over Wreyland in 1918. 'Nothing of the kind had ever been seen from here before, not even a balloon.' Then we watch the arrival of the first motor-car, and go back to the pack-horses of 1829 and the thirty-five miles' journey across Salisbury Plain 'of a wet windy night outside a coach.' As a small boy Mr. Torr read *Punch* diligently, and thereby stocked his memory with facts that history-books ignore. His brother read it more diligently still, and his

grandfather writes in 1858, 'My object in giving him the Bible was to get rid of *Punch* out of his head.' Here is an odd record. A labourer was discontented with his board and lodging. His host explained: 'Us cannot give'n riotous living on eighteen pence a day.' There are some good stories about bees. At one of his farms Mr. Torr saw a stain and a bulge in a bedroom ceiling. It was caused by a colony of bees whose honey was proving too heavy for the ceiling. Mr. Torr's experiences at the bar and his travels furnish some interesting notes, and his comments on Goethe and Homer, on linguistic mistakes due to words with similar sounds but different meanings, are very amusing. Book-lovers will relish the notes on libraries; collectors will turn to the stories of Greek busts. It is a real pleasure to linger in Mr. Torr's company, and we hope that he is already at work on a third series of small talk, for we cannot have too much of such pure pleasure in these strenuous times.

The English Prison System. By Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brise, K.C.B. (Macmillan & Co., 7s. 6d. net.) Sir Ruggles-Brise, who is Chairman of the Prison Commission for England and Wales, and President of the International Prison Commission, gives a most interesting survey of the whole prison system, including the history of penal servitude, penal servitude to-day, the Borstal system, female offenders, labour in English prisons, &c. He speaks warmly of the service rendered by chaplains and other visitors. Harshness and abuse of authority are as rare as instances of kind and considerate treatment of prisoners are abundant. 'It is in the upright and manly attributes of the Warder class, typical of the English national character, that a great reforming influence is to be found.' The recidivists in our convict prisons now number only about seven hundred as compared with 2,000 at the beginning of this century. In 1901 there were 200 lads of 16-21 serving sentences of penal servitude, to-day there are only nine. Unrestricted sale of drink and increase of unemployment and poverty may swell the number of prisoners, but if a social system can be devised which facilitates employment and 'maintains sobriety at its present level, there would incidentally be found in such measures the solution of the penal problem.'—*A Wayfarer's Caravan.* By A. Alexander, F.R.G.S. (Murray, 10s. 6d. net.) Mr. Alexander dedicates his volume to his splendid horse, Drummer, and his lively Pekinese dog, Con. A friend lent him a caravan, and in it he travelled from the East Coast to Holyhead and then over Ireland to the Atlantic. He met many gipsies, and was able to give a good account of himself in some boxing encounters and other adventures. He was welcomed in these circles and by the circus proprietors whom he met, and gives some amusing descriptions of the inner life of these wanderers. Not least interesting is the love affair of his strange companion in Ireland, Sullivanski, and the romance of the young peer engaged to an old pet of Mr. Alexander's who was herself of gipsy extraction. The caravan's visit to Hawarden brings out some happy memories of Mr. Gladstone, and there is a lively description of a tournament in Liverpool which the writer organized for the National Physical Recreation Society. His experience as Physical Instructor of the police gave him a passport to many circles and to

a host of friends. Love of country scenes, sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men, and delight in the company of his horse and his little Confucius make this a charming volume for a leisure hour. Most readers will feel that their horizon widens as they turn Mr. Alexander's racy pages.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona. (Cambridge University Press. 6s. net.) The second volume of the *New Shakespeare* has a frontispiece portrait of Edward Alleyn from the painting at Dulwich College. He was with Shakespeare's company in 1592-4, and is therefore likely to have acted in the early dramas. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* may safely be placed somewhere near the threshold of Shakespeare's dramatic career. It is 'a light and jocund Italianate comedy' belonging to the Elizabethan days when Italy was taken gaily. It may have been a recast of an old lost play, *The History of Felix and Philomena*, entered in the Revels Accounts, 1584-5, as having been acted by the Queen's Company at Greenwich. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* 'holds a store of stage-effects which Shakespeare kept henceforth in his locker, to try them and to improve on them again and again.' It seems to be the earliest play in which he turned from construction to weld character into his plot. As in *The Comedy of Errors*, we have 'two gentlemen with a servant apiece; but this time he discriminates master from master, servant from servant, to individualize them.' The characters are always kept lively, and always being brought 'to the edge, at least, of startling us by some individuality.' The editors of this edition think that the hand of several botchers may be detected in our text, and that Shakespeare wrote something which, if theatrically ineffective, was better, because more natural, than the text allows us to know. There is little doubt that the text has been 'hacked about and drastically abridged in order to meet the requirements of a particular performance or company.' The literary evidence for this seems overwhelming, as Mr. Wilson shows. The account of the copy, the notes, glossary, and stage history of the play, make this an edition which every student of the play will find it essential to consult.

A Book of English Verse on Infancy and Childhood. Chosen by L. S. Wood. (Macmillan & Co., 3s. 6d. net.) This anthology is a welcome addition to the *Golden Treasury Series*. Childhood has been described as the discovery of English poetry, and the fact that only 59 out of the 381 selections given in this collection date before the time of Isaac Watts shows that our discovery is comparatively recent. But childhood has come into its kingdom. If our behaviour appears condescending it cloaks a profound respect. We feel that children and their ways are supernatural. We see their 'vast potentialities—far greater than ours, since as yet they are untrammelled by up-bringsings and customs—and their complete unconsciousness of their own wealth.' Mr. Wood's Introduction puts us in tune for the music that follows. He opens with a fifteenth-century carol, and then passes to John Skelton and Richard Edwardes. Spenser is represented by 'The Poet's Boyhood' and five lovely lines, 'Children in Procession.' Sir Philip Sidney has a 'Child-Song,' and another

page brings us to Robert Southwell's 'The Burning Babe of Christmas Day.' Shakespeare contributes three pieces, one of which is 'The Grief of Arthur's Mother.' It is pleasant as we move forward to find old favourites side by side with new treasure drawn from many quarters. Charles Wesley's 'Lamb of God, I look to Thee' has not been overlooked; Gray's 'Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College' and his tender 'Epitaph on a Child' are here beside Cowper's immortal tribute to his mother. The brief Notes are of great interest, and the little volume will win its way to all hearts. The selection has been made with much taste and feeling.

Metaphysical Lyrics and Poems of the Seventeenth Century. Donne to Butler. Selected and edited, with an essay, by Herbert J. C. Grierson. (Clarendon Press, 6s. net.) Mr. Grierson says that metaphysical poetry, in the full sense of the term, has been 'inspired by a philosophical conception of the universe and of the rôle assigned to the human spirit in the great drama of existence.' The poems were written, like the *Divina Commedia*, under a definite interpretation of the universe. This volume has not to deal with such great metaphysical poets as Dante and Lucretius. Donne is the most thoughtful and imaginative of the group, and he is 'metaphysical not only in virtue of his scholasticism, but by his deep reflective interest in the experiences of which his poetry is the expression, the new psychological curiosity with which he writes of love and religion.' 'The most intense and personal of his poems, after the love-songs and elegies, are his later religious sonnets and songs; and their influence on subsequent poetry was even more obvious and potent.' Andrew Marvell is the most interesting personality between Donne and Dryden, and 'at his very best he is a finer poet than either.' Mr. Grierson arranges his selections in three divisions: Love Poems; Divine Poems; Miscellanies. Donne stands at the head of each group. He has splendid company in Sir Henry Wotton, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Sir John Suckling, Sir William Davenant, Richard Crashaw, Richard Lovelace, Marvell, Milton, George Herbert, Henry Vaughan, Cowley, and others. The selection closes with Samuel Butler's 'The Metaphysical Sectarian' as a reminder of the full significance of the word 'metaphysical,' which has 'a wider connotation than poetry. The century was metaphysical, and the great civil war was a metaphysical war.' The selection has been made with gratitude and skill, and the introductory essay will be for all lovers of poetry a real doorway to the treasures spread out in the volume.—*The Poems of Virgil*, translated by James Rhoades, have just been added to *The World's Classics*. (H. Milford, 2s. 6d. net.) The first edition of the *Aeneid* appeared in 1898 and a revised edition in 1906. It has now been further revised in the light of Mr. Warde Fowler's studies, and 'Prince' has been substituted for 'Sire' as the equivalent for 'pater' when applied to Aeneas and to Anchises before him. Mr. Rhoades is himself a gifted poet, and his rendering has taken rank as a classic, and in the judgement of competent critics will probably never be surpassed. It enters into the spirit of Virgil, and faithfully reflects the original, neither adding to the text nor diminishing from it. It is a welcome addition to a series which has done much to bring

the best literature within the reach of modest purses, and it is a delight to get into Virgil's company through the aid of such an interpreter.

The Golden Treasury of Longer Poems. Selected and Edited by Ernest Rhys. (Dent & Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)

Everyman's Library has two anthologies of songs and lyrics and a book of ballads, now it welcomes this selection of longer poems. They begin with Chaucer's 'Knights Tale' and come down to 'The Hound of Heaven,' Alice Meynell's 'Letter from a Girl to Her Own Old Age,' and Dr. Bridges' 'Elegy—The Summer House on the Mound.' Drayton's 'Agincourt,' Milton's 'On the Morning of Christ's Nativity,' Parnell's 'Hermit,' Browning's 'A Death in the Desert,' Matthew Arnold's 'The Scholar Gipsy,' and other classics are gathered into one volume that overflows with riches. It is a poet's selection of masterpieces, and there is nothing within the covers that one could spare.

The Great Adventure; Studies in the Pilgrim's Progress. By the Rev. William Procter. (Arthur Stockwell, 5s. net.) This volume is not only a valuable addition to the literature which has gathered round the illustrious dreamer; it is a delightful book in itself. Bunyan has been fortunate in his commentators, notwithstanding the venerable humoresque, 'Yes, sir, I understand the book, and hope soon to understand your notes upon it.' Mr. Procter has evidently familiarized himself with, and frequently quotes from, the best writers upon the Pilgrims—Macaulay, Froude, Cheever, Brown, Rutherford, Stevenson, Whyte, Keer-Bain, Kelman, and others—of whom he says in gracious phrase, 'They have reaped where I have found pleasure in gleanings.' But *The Great Adventure* is much more than a sheaf of gleanings. It is marked by originality, both in matter and method. It reveals a well-stored mind, a skill and power in impressing salutary truths, as well as the deep spirituality and earnest evangelical solicitudes of the author. Mr. Procter instinctively seizes upon the essential and most precious elements of the world's happiest dream, and expresses them in terms of spiritual realities. Christian's various experiences are depicted in sweet, flowing, and flexible language. One outstanding feature of Bunyan's work is the vividness with which he depicts his characters. Not even Shakespeare excelled him in this particular quality. Bunyan's figures are forms; his images are characters; his scenes are moving pictures. Mr. Procter reflects this quality in his interpretation. He leads his readers to see in the personalities of the drama, not the detached and remote people of the seventeenth century, but ourselves and the men and women who surround us every day of our lives.

My Lady's Garden. Planted and grown by Hackleplume. (Watts & Co., 25s.) This beautiful volume of poems is dedicated 'To my dear Resplendent Armies, the heroes who won the war, and whose brave deeds are enshrined in my lady's heart.' It was begun in June, 1918, at the request of other regiments not included in 'The

Black Watch Bouquet and *'The Hackle and the Plume.'* It has come to include the Navy, the R.A.M.C., the Japanese Navy—all who played their arduous part in the war. *'The Herb Garden'* is meant for the civilians, who endured many tragedies. Of its four hundred heroes, twenty are in the Glade of Glory, and are commemorated in the first poems. All the names are given in the Index. The twelve full-page floral illustrations by Marjorie Raynor are in colour, and the names of flowers are given. The poems are full of names and allusions to brave deeds which will leave a thrill in many a soldier's heart. It is a volume that will be cherished proudly and lovingly by all who are referred to in its sparkling verses.

The Trail of the Ragged Robin. By Flora Klickmann. (Religious Tract Society, 7s. net.) We are again in the Wye Valley, rejoicing in its flowers and birds, and studying its cottagers with the visitors who make their appearance at Miss Klickmann's summer retreat. *'Bella'* fills a large place on the stage, and it is no small relief to the hostess and her girl friends when that selfish creature takes herself off the scene. The charm of the book is in its nature studies and its reflections on men and things. It is garnished with good stories, and is full of love for the quiet aspects of Nature. Even the scents of the country-side appeal to the writer, and furnish her with material for a chapter which dwellers in towns will greatly enjoy. Miss Klickmann feels that 'the only remedy for the present world-sickness—absolutely the only remedy—is a return to the simple rules for living as laid down by our Lord Jesus Christ.' None of those rules seems more essential at the present time than the call to 'study God's work in Nature, rather than spend one's life in chasing after glare, and clutching at tinsel, and worrying about acquisition of possessions, that bring little but anxiety in their train.'

The Secret Power, by Marie Corelli (Methuen & Co., 6s. net), is rightly called *'A Romance of the Time.'* The hero invents a means of ending war by making it possible for those who know his secret to destroy a whole nation in a moment, and the millionairess heroine makes an airship which outflies all rivals. There is love in it, and when Roger Seaton's invention wrecks his body and brain he finds the girl who loved him ready to sacrifice herself to nursing him back to health, if that should be possible. It is a unique story, and the half-spiritual millionairess and inventor plays the part of providence to the man whom she almost loved. Miss Corelli never made a more extraordinary set of dramatic situations than this volume presents.—There is no denying the power of Hall Caine's *The Master of Man. The Story of a Sin.* (Heinemann, 6s. net.) It shows how the finest youth may fall under the power of temptation and yet win his way back again to honour. Victor Stowell and his sweetheart are a pair that it would not be easy to match, and their love would have been unmixed sunshine but for Victor's sin. Mr. Caine's pictures of the Isle of Man are drawn with rare skill. The holiday crowd in Douglas, and the fishing fleet, are life-like scenes; the Deemster's Court and the great trial are of absorbing interest. The story sets a crown on the novelist's work, and its moral influence will be deep and abiding.—

Vera, by the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden* (Macmillan & Co., 7s. 6d. net), is not pleasant reading. Mr. Wemyss is selfishness incarnate, and his second wife, though he is devoted to her in his own fashion, is beginning to discover what the first wife, Vera, must have gone through. It is a clever study, and Lucy's maiden aunt, who suffers much at the hands of this monster, has no reason to regard him as a friend or a gentleman. Such a book is a powerful protest, and we hope it may open some readers' eyes.—The difficult problem of the relations between capital and labour are treated with knowledge and sympathy in *Helen of the Old House*, by Harold Bell Wright. (Appleton & Co., 8s. 6d. net.) Helen's father had stolen the patent which made his fortune and his mind gives way under the strain of an accusing conscience. His son and the son of the man he had wronged are bosom friends, and the tragedy which robs Captain Charlie of his life is the saddest thing in the book. The 'Interpreter' is a fine character, and he helps to keep the town sane despite Jake Vodell, the agitator. The love-story of the young manager is well told, and the book shows how much goodwill between master and men may do to prevent strikes and promote general prosperity. Mr. Wright has studied his subject on all sides, and there is a high moral tone in this as in all his popular stories.—*An Enthusiast*, by E. C. Somerville (Longmans & Co., 8s. 6d. net), is dedicated to 'My Collaborator,' and Martin Ross would be the first to acknowledge that the workmanship and the skill in delineating character are as masterly as in the happy days when they worked together. Dan Palliser's love of Ireland, his skill as a rider, his soldier-like bearing, make him a notable figure, and our main quarrel with the writer is that he is sacrificed to no purpose in the end, save to get him out of the net which Lady Car has woven round him. All the characters 'view Ireland from different angles, and each speaks for him or herself, and not for me.' All are agreed on one point—'love for the country that bore us, that ardent country in which the cold virtue of impartiality is practically unknown.'—*Men and Marvels*. By Halbert Boyd. (Elkin Mathews, 7s. net.) Ten short stories told by a padre who proved a tower of strength to his men in the Great War. They touch many chords. 'Old Musser Dewdney' is the soul of chivalry; the parson at Clayfold gets a great reward when he pronounces absolution to a church full of dead parishioners. 'A Prophet in the Ranks' is a Scotch soldier who had a rare gift of piercing the future and a boundless devotion to the chaplain whose servant he was. Not the least beautiful is the story of 'The Echoing Church' and the vicar and money-lender over whom it casts its spell. But the mystic touch is most alluring in 'The Messenger,' who comes to the widow at the Sacrament with happy news about her wounded son. It is a little volume rich in fancy and feeling.—*Fenella's Fetters*. By Noel Hope. (Salvation Army, 8s. 6d.) Fenella is a vain and selfish little maid who gets into disgrace and trouble by her dishonest ways. Then the Salvation Army steps in, and under its care the girl is led to see herself and is soundly converted. The story shows the kind of work the Army is doing for hundreds of girls, and makes one thankful for such ministries.—*The Young Enchanted* (Macmillan & Co., 7s. 6d. net) is one of Hugh Walpole's best stories.

The scenes are chiefly laid in the West End, and the characters hold attention from first to last. Henry Trenchard, his sister and his friend Peter, are the chief figures, and each has a love affair that we follow with a kind of personal interest. Not the least effective are the portraits of Sir Charles Duncombe and Victoria Platt, who does not know what to do with her newly acquired riches. The book will give pleasure wherever it goes.—*There is a Tide*. By Gurner Gilman (Stanley Paul & Co., 8s. 6d. net.) The young fellow who suddenly becomes a millionaire is a fine character, and his guardian angel, old Mrs. Bird, is a wonder. The business affairs and the courtships of young Dane keep one's attention up to the delightful finish of the story.

Principles of Political Science. By R. N. Gilchrist. (Longmans, Green & Co., 18s. net.) The course covered in this volume is that prescribed by Calcutta University, but students outside India will find it a mine of information as to political theory and practice. It describes the nature and origin of the State, the various aspects of sovereignty, the grounds of liberty, law, and citizenship, the form of Government, the electorate and legislature, the executive and judiciary. Then it unfolds the subjects of party and federal government, local government, the government of dependencies, and the end of the State. Detailed information is given in seven closing chapters as to the Governments of Britain, India, France, the United States, Germany, and Japan. The book is packed with matter, and everything is put in the clearest and most instructive form.—*The Edinburgh Lectures on Mental Science*. By T. Troward. (Philpot, 6s. net.) The late Mr. Troward's writings are well known in America, and this new and uniform edition in six volumes will be studied with much profit. All the positions are lucidly stated by a Christian thinker who holds that 'as we realize our personal relation to the personalness of the all-creating Spirit our mental attitude changes.' 'This knowledge of the personal element in the Universal Spirit, and of its reciprocity to our own personality, is not only the ultimate fact of mental science, but also the basic principle of religion.' It is a pleasure to read lectures that are so clearly stated and so intensely Christian in all their teaching.—*Educational Administration*. By Sir Graham Balfour. (Clarendon Press, 2s. 6d. net.) These two lectures delivered before the University of Birmingham will be read with keen interest by all who are concerned with education. The first deals with the history of public authorities from the first grant of £80,000 'for the purposes of education' which was made in 1833 down to the present time; the second is on 'Local Official Administration and the Personal Element.' Sir Graham holds that teachers 'should be set free to educate with as few hindrances as possible, not only to give instruction, but to use their expert knowledge and their intimate acquaintance with the children so as to build up that development, moral, intellectual, and physical, which is the aim of education as a whole, intended to turn out citizens efficient, happy, wise, just, and good.' The object is 'to enable the right pupils to receive the right education from the right teachers, at a cost within the means of the State, under conditions which will enable the pupils

best to profit by their training.' Twenty years' experience in Staffordshire enables Sir Graham to approach the subject in the most practical way. It is spiced with some amusing incidents, but it moves straight to the point, and will be of great service to workers in the same field.

From the Abingdon Press also come *United States Citizenship*, by George P. Mains (Abingdon Press, \$2 net), which discusses the larger relations of the citizen to his government. The writer claims that the United States in all-around possessions is unquestionably the most favoured nation of the earth. 'If true to the ideals of her founders, if true to her own possibilities, America is clearly ordained for the financial, intellectual, political, and moral sovereignty of the coming ages.' One chapter deals with the grave menaces against the republic which challenge vigilant and unremitting scrutiny from all lovers of American liberty. Dr. Mains urges that America more than ever needs to take a wide outlook upon the world. 'If true to her mission, the nations will spontaneously install her as supreme leader in the universal civilization.'—*Lincoln and Prohibition*, by C. T. White (Abingdon Press, \$2 net), sets forth in logical form a brief but comprehensive record of Lincoln's efforts for the suppression of intemperance. It begins with a description of the liquor drinking which was 'quite universal' in the early Lincoln period; pays tribute to his father and mother and their home training, and traces their son's battle against intemperance. It is a survey which will strengthen the hands of all temperance reformers.—*The New Program of Religious Education*, by G. H. Betts (75 cents net), seeks to define the aims of religious education and its place in the activities of the Church. It urges that the Sunday school should be made a children's church, and regards the week-day Church school as full of promise. If the Church is to hold its place in Society, it will have to put its heart into the work of religious instruction.—A valuable aid in such work is provided by *The Bible in Graded Study*. By Clara and Edna Baker. (\$1 net.) It gives thirty-one Bible stories in a style that will attract children of six to eight years. They are told with great skill and sympathy and a full-page illustration is prefixed to each. Suitable verses and prayers are added.—*Moving Pictures in the Church*, by Roy L. Smith (85 cents net), gives the experience of a Methodist preacher who has used this means to reach the people with very happy results. It is a very practical and useful guide.—*Amos, Prophet of a New Order*. By Lindsay B. Longacre (75 cents net). The sayings of this great teacher are gathered together in a fresh and suggestive style. The place of prophets in human life, the times and the man, and other themes are dealt with. Questions and references for future reading are added to each chapter.—*Tobacco*, by Bruce Fink (Abingdon Press, 50 cents net), is a strong philippic against its use in all forms. It describes the effect on diet and business habits, and has a long bibliography at the end.—*House Property and its Management*. (Allen & Unwin, 3s. 6d. net.) Papers by Miss Octavia Hill on her methods of managing house property are here supplemented by brief articles on the development of the Cumberland Market estate in London and the Municipal Houses in Amsterdam put under the care of women trained by Miss Hill. Her own papers

show how she encouraged tenants to be self-respecting and to pay their rent regularly. John Ruskin was her first strong patron, and the work she did proved the most instructive experiment made during the last century in the management of house property. Dr. Gibson's Introduction pays deserved tribute to her sagacity and success.—The volume of *The Sunday at Home* for 1920–21 (R.T.S., 14s. 6d. net) is rich in attractive serials, short stories, and papers on topics of current interest such as the census, popular music, modern parents and their problems. There is a capital sketch of President Harding and five racy papers by F. W. Boreham. Notes for odd moments on all manner of subjects will greatly interest the general reader. Some of the brightest pages are Miss Bone's short stories. The illustrations are very good and the whole magazine is admirably adapted for the family circle.—The Church Missionary Society sends us three shilling booklets. *The Boy by the River* is a story of Ali, who lives by the Nile, with pages to be painted in colours indicated by smaller coloured pictures. Both story and illustrations will delight young folk. *Leading Strings*, by H. D. Hooper, M.A., shows how the C.M.S. has helped to save the natives of Kenya Colony, in East Africa, from despair or racial animosity, and to stimulate them to a life of higher usefulness. Our schools are doing great service in the villages, and Mr. Hooper's touches of 'local colour' help one to understand what a great work is to be done. *Round about Panyam* takes us to Nigeria, where Mr. Hayward and his wife have been at work in the Bauchi Highlands for eight years. The beliefs and customs of the natives are described, and some of the changes wrought by the gospel are shown.

The Home of the Echoes. By F. W. Boreham. (Epworth Press, 6s. net.) The writer has opened a new lode in literature, and it grows richer as he opens it out in successive volumes. His praise of 'Second-hand Things' will charm all readers, and each of the eighteen essays makes its own appeal. Few would dream of finding rich material in second thoughts, but Mr. Boreham draws it out with masterly skill. The Good Samaritan is to him 'a knight of the most golden order of chivalry,' yet he never realized that, when he passed in the lane, 'a gang of second thoughts sprang upon him, and attempted to strangle the kindly thought which had been born within him.' He fought so bravely that 'his second thoughts were scattered, the generous purpose preserved, and the heroic deed actually accomplished.' It is a delightful volume.—*The F. W. Boreham Calendar*, 1922 (Epworth Press, 1s. 9d. net), has been compiled by Mr. G. A. Bartlett, and is a wonderful treasury of thought and feeling. There is not a day of the year which will not be lighted up by such words. Mr. Boreham knows how to scatter gloom: 'If only my ears are not too heavy, I may catch, breaking from the most sombre silence, life's very sweetest songs.'—There is no better set of books than the *How to Identify Series*, and Mr. Crabtree's *Rocks and Fossils and How to Identify them* (Epworth Press, 1s. 9d. net) is one of the most useful and attractive. Its illustrations are splendid, and the descriptions of quarries, boulders, limestone caverns, &c., are admirably clear and instructive. It is a book that young and old

will find of the greatest service.—*Day-Dreams*. By Reginald J. Barker. (Epworth Press, 2s. net.) These stories are meant for children, and they will make them think and wonder. The author has the story-teller's gift, and he chooses themes which are novel and arresting. It is a book that boys and girls will love.—*When God sends Rain*. By J. B. Brooks. (Epworth Press, 2s. net.) Thirty-three talks to boys and girls, all vivid and suggestive. Old and young will delight equally in its stories.—The Epworth Press also send us *The Redcaps' Annual* (4s. net), a charming collection of stories and coloured pictures. Brer Rabbit, Brer Fox, and the other Brers are amusing company, and there is constant variety and movement in the volume.—*The Kiddies' Annual* (4s. net) lives up to its reputation as one of the volumes dear to boys and girls. They will learn much from its papers, and will delight in its pictures and serials.—*Aesop's Fables* (2s. 6d. net) are illustrated with great skill, and young folk will learn much by sitting at the feet of this famous old master.—*Good Will to Men*. That is a happy name for the Popular Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society for 1920-1. The Society's expenditure for the year rose to £492,000; its income steadily grew, but only reached £376,000. It would be a calamity to restrict the work of the Society, for the facts given in these pages show that it was never more needed or more useful. The only thing is to increase the annual income by £75,000, and that could easily be done if the 'multitude of fresh subscribers' for which it seeks would rise up to support the Society, which is the soul of Christian work all over the earth.—The S.P.C.K. Pocket-Books and Almanacks for 1922 are very compact and well arranged, with the Bible Lessons and full information about the dioceses at home and abroad. The Churchman's Pocket-Book (8s. net); the handy Engagement Book (2s. 4d. net); The Churchman's Almanack (10d., 9d., 4d., 2d. net); The Parochial Alms Book (6d. net); The Little Calendar of Readings and Prayers for 1922 (1½d.); and the Sheet Almanack, with a view of the North Front of Durham Cathedral (3d. net), meet the needs of various constituents in the most compact and convenient form.—*Who Told you that?* Compiled by Quex. (Stanley Paul & Co., 2s. 6d. net.) This is a collection of amusing stories. They take up only eight to fourteen lines, but they have point and spice, and will effectively garnish a speech.—*The Skylark's Bargain*. By G. H. Charnley. (Allenson, 5s. net.) Thirty-seven talks to boys and girls which have variety and imagination in them. They are all charming, full of wise and happy things, and garnished with many a verse of the writer's making. The volume is addressed to the child-heart, and it will get a warm welcome there.—The Methodist Diaries and Calendars for 1922 range in price from 3s. 6d. to 2s. net. They seem to meet every need of ministers and laymen, and the *Vest Pocket Diary* will greatly please those who want a diary in small compass. All are strongly bound and well got up.—Messrs. Chevalier and Morland, of Amer-sham, send us four taking songs: 'Some One Needing You'; 'A Glimpse of Heaven,' with a hymn, 'Heavenly Comfort,' and a voluntary; 'Ere I pass by'; and 'I Love You' (2s. net each).

Periodical Literature

BRITISH

Edinburgh Review (October).—Mr. Bernard Holland, in 'The Government of London,' says: 'It would probably be true policy to redistribute areas of municipal government throughout England and Scotland, equalizing the more rural districts so far as possible upon a basis of population and the natural, social, and commercial relations of towns and their environment.' The advantage of comparatively equal administrative areas would be worth having. Some affairs might be committed to secondary bodies and the construction and maintenance of the great through roads placed upon the national government and taxpayer. An important article on 'The Military Mind' dwells on the need of training the professional soldier to take a fuller comprehension of the general character of the nation to which he belongs. Professor Strahan's 'Byron in England' discusses the new edition of *Astarte*, and reaches the conclusion that the poet's sister was innocent of the horrible charge made against her, but that Byron himself had probably given rise to the slander in his attempt to stave off the unwelcome attentions of Lady Caroline Lamb.

Hibbert Journal (October).—A valuable article on Karma by Dr. J. N. Farquhar gives a complete account of the doctrine which influences so large a part of the East, and examines into its value as a doctrine of life. Side by side with this paper is a description of the Chinese 'Pilgrim's Progress,' a journey through hell and purgatory written in China by a man born sixty-seven years before Dante. S. Radha Krishnan, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Calcutta, contends that 'it is philosophy that has to determine the worth of religion, and not religion the philosophic outlook.' If philosophy is thus to be queen of the sciences it must show that it can first rule its own domains. Two other philosophical articles are by ladies—'The Conception of the Soul in Greek Philosophy,' by Dorothy Tarrant, M.A., and 'The Philosophy of Epicurus,' by E. W. Adams. A fine and timely article on national welfare by Miss Dougall on 'The Salvation of the Nations' pleads for the 'World Alliance for Promoting International Friendship through the Churches.' Other articles are 'Occultism,' by Edward Clodd, a merciless criticism of modern Spiritism; 'Thoughts on Reparation,' by Von Schulze-Gävernitz, who informs the world that 'every intellectual is aware that in the outbreak of the war Germany was not the principal culprit' (!); 'Fresh Light on the Synoptic Problem,' by Canon Streeter; 'Music and the Muses,' by Bishop Mercer; and 'Atonement and the New Knowledge,' by Dr. J. H. Skrine. The 'Survey' and Signed Reviews are excellent, as usual.

Journal of Theological Studies (July).—‘The Transfiguration,’ by Rev. F. J. Badcock, advocates the view that the Elijah who appeared on the Mount was John the Baptist. Of quite different calibre is Dr. Stanley Cook’s able article on ‘The Theory of Sacrifice,’ reviewing M. Loisy’s recent work, but contributing valuable material towards a constructive theory the building up of which Loisy rather hinders than helps. Rev. C. H. Mayo interprets the ‘cock-crowing’ in connexion with Peter’s denial of his Lord, of the *Gallocinium*, the Roman signal given at the close of the third night-watch and change of guard. Dr. C. F. Burney, in a very interesting paper entitled ‘A Hebraic Construction in the Apocalypse,’ examines Dr. Charles’ discovery that ‘the idiomatic Hebrew construction in which a participle is reinforced by a finite verb is exactly reproduced in the Greek of the Apocalypse.’

Church Quarterly Review (October).—Professor Goudge’s Inaugural Lecture at King’s College, London, on ‘The Interpretation of the New Testament’ takes the first place. He holds that ‘we are never likely to understand the New Testament, except in so far as we are ourselves identified with the Church of God, and know by experience the life in which it lives.’ He pleads for a widening of ‘the outlook, not only by the effort to be better Christians and better Churchmen, though in that way chiefly, but also by the use of commentaries, Patristic and Roman, which take us into a larger atmosphere.’ Canon Lacey writes on Cardinal Manning. ‘Positive truth, hard and clear, was what he understood. . . . Not for him were the *umbræ et imagines* among which Newman was content to walk until he should pass in *veritatem*. Perhaps there is the secret of their incompatibility. Newman could hardly tolerate Manning; Manning could never understand Newman. Singularly diverse, they were alike in this: greatly human, meant for the whole of mankind, they were sealed by circumstance to a part. But again their fates diverged. Newman discovered himself to the world; Manning had to be discovered.’ ‘Dante: In Memoriam’ will charm all lovers of the great Italian poet.

Constructive Quarterly (September).—This is a Unity number. It opens with the Archbishop of Canterbury’s inspiring address at the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland and contains articles on the same lines from the Bishop of Peterborough, Dr. Kirkpatrick, Dr. Wilmer, and others. M. Deslandres, Dean of the Faculty of Law in Dijon University, discusses the position of ‘the Anglican Church and the Roman Catholic Church in the face of Labour and Social Problems apropos of the Lambeth Conference.’ The last paper, by Sir R. A. Falconer, President of the University of Toronto, is on ‘John Henry Newman.’

Science Progress (October).—Many important articles and notices of books appear in this number, such as ‘The Significance of Spectroscopy,’ ‘The Chromosome Theory of Heredity,’ by Julian S. Huxley, ‘Some Biological Effects of the Tides,’ ‘Symbiosis and the Biology of Food.’ ‘Some other Bees’ describes various Indian

species, and gives interesting facts about the mason-bees, the carpenter-bees, and the leaf-cutting bees. It is a page of popular science which many will want to read. Bees have exercised profound influence on the form, colour, and habits of most flowering plants, and the plants have effected corresponding changes in the form and colour of insects.

Expository Times (July).—The Editor's Notes, on such varied subjects as Palestine Exploration, the Atonement in Catholic Theology, and Canon Streeter's account of the Sadhu, are timely and very much to the point. Mr. Coyer's comments on the Prologue to the Fourth Gospel are suggestive rather than convincing. Dr. A. Henderson's paper on 'The Theology of Experience' is well adapted to divinity students and to a wider circle still. Rev. A. Wotherspoon's 'Note on the Kingdom of God' shows how inexhaustible is the subject he touches. The relations between the Church and the Kingdom still need investigation.—(September to October). In September Archdeacon Charles writes on 'Two Passages in the Psalms,' and W. E. Wilson, B.D., gives an interpretation of 'Our Lord's Agony in the Garden' on the lines that 'the necessity which our Lord saw for His death was not absolute, at any rate to Him,' and His agony was due 'to the intensity of His yearning over the Jewish people rather than to anticipation of His coming suffering.' The Editor's Notes for October include a suggestive treatment of 'Perfectionism,' which (unconsciously) echoes Wesley's emphasis, not on sinlessness, but on perfect love; he also comments on Professor Matthews' 'Studies in Christian Philosophy' and the 'Catholic Bible Congress.' An informing and illuminating paper by Dr. J. P. Lilley celebrates 'The Sexcentenary of Dante's Death.' Professor Sayce writes on 'The Latest Results of Old Testament Archaeology,' and the 'Contributions and Comments' by various writers make very interesting reading for Bible students. The *Expository Times* has passed its first youth, but it is more vigorous and serviceable than ever.

Holborn Review (October).—Two articles on Dante contribute towards the celebration of the sexcentenary of the poet by Professor Herford and A. G. Fewers Howell. The latter deals more particularly with certain aspects of Dante's religious belief. The editor (Dr. Peake) favourably reviews two new commentaries—Driver and Gray on Job and Burton on Galatians—which have recently appeared in the International Critical Series. Other articles are 'Fyodor Dostoevsky,' by R. A. Buckley, 'Lord Bryce on Democracy,' by Rev. E. B. Storr, and 'The Book of Jonah,' by Rev. A. D. Martin. The two features 'Editorial Notes' and 'Current Literature' reviewed by the editor are distinctive and interesting.

AMERICAN

Harvard Theological Review (July).—More than half of the number is occupied by a compendious article on 'Christian Writers on Judaism,' by Dr. George F. Moore. In the former part of the study it is shown that Christian interest in Jewish literature has

always been apologetic or polemic rather than historical; the influences which determined its character in successive periods, closing with the end of the eighteenth century, are traced, the various stages being illustrated by outstanding works. The second part is devoted to a critical examination of modern representations of Judaism.—(October)—This number is almost entirely devoted to a survey of 'Literature on Church History,' by Dr. Gustav Krüger, formerly editor of the *Theologische Jahresbericht*, a publication of great value to students, which, together with the *Theologische Rundschau*, has 'succumbed to the unfavourable conditions of the times.' A comprehensive list, with scholarly notes, is given of publications in Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Holland, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, 1914-1920. The second half of the second volume of Müller's *Church History* was published in 1919. It covers the period from the Reformation to the end of the seventeenth century. As Müller now proposes to lay down his pen, Dr. Krüger fears that 'a critical account of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—a thing that does not exist in any language—is likely long to remain a desideratum.'

Princeton Theological Review (July).—Dr. F. L. Patton pays a deserved tribute to the memory of Dr. B. B. Warfield, of Princeton. He was a pillar in the temple—too massive and too stationary for many, and no friend to Methodist theology. But he was a staunch supporter of the best traditions of Calvinism, a learned theologian, and an indefatigable student of the Bible. A long article of his on 'Perfectionism' is here published. The other two articles are, one on the names of God in the New Testament, by R. D. Wilson, which is solid and useful, and the other by Dr. W. M. Clow, of Glasgow, on 'The Elements of the Industrial Strife,' as able and informing a discussion as we have seen of this burning question.

Methodist Review (New York) (September-October).—This review under its present management is full of life and interest. The present number provides a fine portrait and appreciation of Bishop William Taylor, 'the greatest modern world-herald of the Cross.' It also makes special features of two topics. One is a discussion of Spiritism in 'Can the Dead speak to us?' by Rev. J. A. Schaad, and 'Mediumistic Revelations,' by G. P. Mains. The other deals with Industrialism, on which three able articles appear, viz. 'Which Way will Methodism Go?' by Professor Harry Ward, 'Some Vain Opinions and False Valuations,' by Dr. D. Dorchester, and 'The Attitude of the Preacher in this Industrial Crisis,' by Rev. K. D. Beach. Other articles deal with 'Our Changing Episcopacy,' by Dr. Bartholomew, and 'Italian Education,' by Dr. B. M. Tipple. The 'Editorial Departments' section is well sustained and abounds in good matter.

The Journal of Religion (September).—Each of the following six articles is so instructive and important that we can do little more than enumerate them: 'Psychology and the Spiritual Life,' by Rufus M. Jones; 'The Validity of the Idea of God,' by E. S. Ames; 'Is the Group-Spirit Equivalent to God?' by W. E. Hocking;

'Present Tendencies in Chinese Buddhism,' by Yu Yue Tsu; 'The Economic Struggle within the Ministerial Profession,' by W. E. Hammond; and 'Democracy and the Church,' by R. W. Frank. The second and third of these articles discuss from different points of view the present attempt to identify the idea of God with the highest form of group-spirit—Professor Ames, of Chicago, advocates a 'growing, democratic' God, and Professor Hocking, of Harvard, with finer judgement and greater ability, shows why society will not do for an object of worship. But the whole number is excellent.

Bibliotheca Sacra (July–October).—Professor G. F. Wright, who has edited this review since 1884, died last April in his eighty-fourth year. He was a student at Oberlin, and for twenty-six years a professor first of New Testament Language and Literature and then of the Harmony of Science and Revelation. Tributes to his memory are given in this number. 'The Religion of Israel in the Light of the Religions of the Ancient East,' by Professor Löhr; 'Some Factors in Early Hebrew History,' by Mr. Wiener, and a study of John H. Noyes and his 'Bible Communists,' with their iniquitous free love, are features of the number.

FOREIGN

Revue des Sciences Philosophiques et Théologiques (July–September) opens with the first part of an article 'Concept and Judgement,' being a study of some forms of contemporary relativism. This is followed by an elaborate survey of recent discoveries in human origins, entitled 'Les Hommes Fossiles,' and bringing our knowledge of human palaeontology up to date. The 'Bulletin of Philosophy' is devoted to current works on ethics. More than eighty pages are given to the 'Bulletin on the Science of Religions,' in which most of the latest European and American literature is noticed, under the general headings: I. Religion de l'homme préhistorique; II. Religions des Peuples Non-Civilisés; III. Religions Sémitiques; IV. Indo-Européens et Extrême-Orient.

Calcutta Review (October).—This is the first number of a new series. It opens with a beautiful little translation by Rabindranath Tagore of a piece of his own—'The Singer.' 'Gandhi and Tagore' draws out the contrast between the poet's plea for closer co-operation between East and West and Gandhi's sworn enmity of all that goes under the name of Western civilization. Gandhi preaches the doom of the natural world, with its pomps and vanities, and proclaims and practises the blessedness of poverty and chastity. Tagore believes in the blamelessness of natural life, and, instead of renouncing the flesh, he seems to feed, refine, and adorn it.

The Hindustan Review (September).—Mr. Singh writes on 'The Moral Results of Prohibition.' He says that if one did not know that the liquor interests are moving heaven and earth to rehabilitate themselves one would feel from the statements current that Americans were drinking more than ever. The fact is that 'in spite of all transitional evils, prohibition is beginning to show remarkable results.' 'Crime and insanity are diminishing. Health is improving.'

